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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAYS.

THE railway system of the United States is just now being largely developed. The Union and Central Pacific roads will soon have effected the union of the Atlantic and Pacific states, while extensive branches from each of them are being pushed into the adjacent regions, and a tide of emigration is in consequence setting west in such volume that what are now interior territories will shortly be taking their place in the family of states. The production incident to rapid settlement of a new country will be immense, so that it is hard to compute the increase of national wealth which, within the next ten years, will arise from these sources alone. Already the prospect so affects the city of New York that preparations are being made on the Hudson River for extensive depots capable of accommodating the expected trade, and the stock board has been violently agitated by the struggles of the railway rings for supreme control over the immense traffic. The financial success of these great Pacific roads clearly demonstrates that the nation requires more than one such communication with the Western Ocean. It is not, therefore, surprising that the North-western states, whose locality prevents their participating in the advantages from the Union and Central Pacific roads, should be urging the construction of a line through their own territory, and we have no doubt that in time such a line will be built. A southern line also is asking Congress for government aid in its construction, and urging in support of its claim arguments which are both interesting and novel.

The application to Congress is made by certain existing railroad companies, created by the laws of Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, and designed to form a continuous line of rail from the Mississippi River, at a point opposite Cairo, Illinois, to central Texas, to be consolidated under one organization. They ask authority to build their line of uniform gauge from Cairo to a point on the Rio Grande, in the direction of San Blas on the Pacific Coast, with authority to connect with any road hereafter to be built within the Republic of Mexico extending either to the capital of that nation or to San Blas. An examination of the map will show that this road will pass through the south-eastern portion of Missouri, the center of Arkansas, the entire breadth of Texas through her most populous counties, and through the very centre of Mexico, dividing that republic almost equally on the north and south of its line. The entire distance from Cairo to the Pacific does not exceed sixteen hundred miles; from Cairo to New York is about nine hundred miles by rail. Thus this route would bring the commercial capital of the continent within twenty-five hundred miles of the Pacific Ocean. A proposition has also been made to the Mexican government for authority to build two roads—one from the city of Mexico to the Rio Grande, and one from the harbor of San Blas to the same river, both intersecting the American road at that point. The importance of these roads to Mexico is incalculable. Her northern hills are filled with mineral wealth, while her valleys are pre-eminently fitted for rich agricultural production. Her silver mines, if accessible by rail, would attract an immense immigration, increasing and improving her population, developing her resources, adding to her wealth, and giving stability to her national character and permanence to her government. The intercourse between the two nations would speedily grow extensive and intimate, and as the reciprocal benefits were appreciated there would be established mutual guarantees of advantages to both. New York and the city of Mexico would be within five days of each other, and the Pacific Ocean would be reached in about the same time.

A further scrutiny of the map will show that, should the roads already existing between Toledo, on Lake Erie, and the city of Indianapolis be somewhat straightened, and the roads now under contract between Indianapolis and Cairo completed, the South Pacific

road would become international in character, extending from Canada, on the north, through the very heart of the United States and Mexico, in almost a direct line, and binding the three great nations of the continent together by a single tie. On a view of the character of the region through which this road is to pass one is really astonished at its prospective resources. For grazing land and for the production of cotton and the cereals no states in the Union surpass Arkansas and Texas, whose best lands can be had at from three to five dollars an acre, while all that is wanted for immense production is the increase of population and labor. And these would surely follow the building of the road. Beside the general interest which New York and the Atlantic cities have in this proposed improvement, there is one of special moment. Texas and Arkansas have millions of acres of rich prairie lands devoted to grazing cattle. The grass, abundant, tender, and very nutritious, grows vigorously throughout the year, and the cattle are kept fat upon it the year long without care or cost. In 1866 Texas had three million head of cattle on the hoof, and Arkansas fully half a million; the average price for fatted beef in Texas ranged from three to eight dollars per head, and slaughtered beef of the best quality commanded in the market from two to three cents per pound. By the proposed road these cattle could be brought in cars from Texas to New York in a few days and in good condition, netting to the shipper a handsome profit, if sold here, at from seven to ten cents per pound. The advantage of such a supply of one of the great staples of life to the people of Eastern cities can scarcely be measured. It alone would be worth more to them in dollars, without calculating increased health and comfort, than a large portion of the interest on the cost of the road would amount to.

The proposed consolidated companies ask of Congress but little national aid to guarantee the construction of this great work. While sixty million of dollars were given to the Union and Central Pacific roads, this International Pacific road asks but twelve millions of dollars in the six per cent. bonds of the government, payable in fifty years; and for this they undertake to carry the troops, munitions of war, military stores, and mails at the same prices charged by other parties for like service, one half to be retained in liquidation of interest upon the bonds issued. If this arrangement, in the concession made to the Central and Union Pacific companies for sixty millions, is found to be safe and satisfactory, as we believe it is, it cannot be otherwise than safe upon the same terms to concede to this company twelve millions. Experience in the one case demonstrates what will be the result in the other, and both show that such grants, when made under such circumstances, are most judicious. But this application has another feature inferior in importance to none we have mentioned. The crushed and impoverished condition of the South is the great national evil of the day, and its best remedy the great national problem. Reconstruction bills, followed by reconstruction itself, may do much to restore the political status of the lately rebellious states; but how to appease the conflicts of caste and provide for the subsistence of their homeless and starving laborers is a problem yet in obscurity, and no legal enactments can remove prejudices or feed the hungry. The great present need of the poor in the South, black and white, is to have remunerated labor, with the assurance of justice and power to acquire a home secured by homestead laws from all intrusion. This scheme proposes that the companies shall be allowed to build their roads commencing at as many points along the line as they may see fit, binding them, in the employment of laborers, to give the preference to those who are willing to take a portion of their wages in land; binding them, further, to sell their lands at a price not exceeding two dollars and a half an acre, and reserving to officers appointed by the Secretary of War, and under the direction of the Freedman's Bureau, the right to supervise all labor contracts made with freedmen, and to aid such freedmen in the selection of lands so acquired. Under this feature of the bill it is said that forty thousand laborers will be given employment within three months from the passage of the act. This amount of labor drawn from the neighboring states will so far increase the competition for the laborers remaining in them as to

widely diffuse the beneficial effects of the arrangement. Without some scheme of this character, the best information which we have of the condition of the South leads us to believe that the nation will have to make large eleemosynary contributions to keep its poor from starving. Nobody can doubt that in every aspect of the case it is better to provide for them honest employment at fair prices. It will be a national calamity if the freedman becomes a mendicant, but a national blessing if we can educate him into habits of independence and thrift.

The last consideration which this application suggests arises largely from the differences of climate. While the Union Pacific road, pursuing the great central route, is confined between the degrees of latitude of thirty-eight and forty-two, embracing a belt of country whose productiveness must always be limited by the severity of long winters, the Southern road pushes at once beyond the region of frost, and throughout its whole line is within perpetual summer. Thus climatic advantages are largely in favor of the Southern route. Without drifts or avalanches of snow to impede its trains, sharp frosts to break axles, rails, and iron work, or stove-warmed cars in cases of collision to burn its helpless passengers, it will present to the traveller the most safe, pleasant, and expeditious route that can be offered. Its business, beside that of a local character, will be made up of the ingredients of a national commerce with Mexico, Central America, and the South American Pacific States, while it will afford the most direct and shortest route to the Sandwich Islands, China, and Japan. On a survey of the whole scheme it is, in fine, difficult to imagine a plan which, by no greater national outlay, can ensure equal immediate and prospective national results.

THE ERIE RAILWAY.

NO work of internal improvement ever undertaken in the state of New York, with perhaps the single exception of the Erie Canal, has filled so large a place in the mind of the public, has been so often the subject of legislation, has made and marred more private fortunes, has developed greater material resources or created for the state more wealth, than the Erie Railway. What is now known as the Central Railroad was the result of no comprehensive plan, but was built in pieces to connect various populous towns in the best settled portions of the state. It was not until the links had all been separately forged—and none of them were created until the exigencies of the case demanded their creation—that the road, as it now exists in one continuous line from Albany to Buffalo, grew into being. With the Erie it was entirely different. The country through which it was projected was in great part a wilderness and the population very scanty. There were no large cities on the line, and the villages were few and very far between, while in the choice of its termini the projectors were no less unfortunate. It commenced at a point on the Hudson twenty-five miles from New York, which was only to be reached by water sometimes not navigable from ice, and it ended at a point on the shore of Lake Erie that had no name till the necessities of the road demanded that one should be given to it. In a word, its projectors had in view the development of a vast region, and the creation of an immense business, and time has shown that their views were sound and the expectations reasonable. The road exists to-day as great a monument to their foresight and enterprise as the Erie Canal is of the foresight and enterprise of Clinton; and it is an open question whether New York has not been more largely benefited by the enterprise and energy which built the Erie Railroad through wilds then uninhabited which now teem with the wealth of a thrifty and progressive population, than by any other work of internal improvement among the many which have given a new reading for this side the ocean to the old sentence, "All roads lead to Rome."

The road forms part of one of the chief trunk-lines which connect the Mississippi Valley and the great lakes with the Atlantic seaboard. Connecting with the Atlantic and Great Western, it gives a direct way to St. Louis by roads built on the broad gauge. It taps the connections of the New York Central at Buffalo and Dunkirk, and connects with Chicago and the

whole Western railroad system by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern roads. An enormous commerce is on every side tributary to it. The coal-fields of Pennsylvania pour their wealth of freight into its lap, and the liquid treasures of the oil region seek the sea over its rails. Wealth is carried over it yearly more precious than any the merchants of Tyre ever dreamed of, and the cargoes of the ships of Tarshish which brought gold from Ophir would hardly pay the freight for one year of the merchandise carried in its cars. The difficulties attending the location of its eastern terminus at so inconvenient a point have been overcome by piercing Weehawken, and its locomotives can now let off their steam in the harbor of New York by the very side of ships that sail to farthest Ind. Engineering skill has in her behalf climbed the rugged hill-sides of the Shawangunk, and spanned with aerial structures the impetuous Delaware and brawling Susquehanna. To all the world, except to the stockholders, the Erie Railway is a miracle and a blessing, but to them it has ever been an enigma and a curse. While the capital invested in other roads makes handsome, even splendid, returns, Erie has ever been a devouring demon that takes in everything but gives back nothing. Surely it cannot need argument to prove that a management which can save nothing for its owners out of the enormous business this road does, out of twelve million dollars of yearly income, must be, to speak charitably, incompetent.

The name of Daniel Drew has always been connected with the management of the Erie road. He has amassed millions by dealing in its securities; but the stockholders get nothing. He can build churches so that his memory may live after him, and endow colleges, and build up for himself the reputation of great sanctity, while from out of his saintly hands no droppings of profit escape for the widows or orphans of those who advanced the money to build the road, for the men themselves have died long ago. To manage a road for the best interest of its owners is one thing, to manage it for the best interest of stock-speculating directors is another; these interests are almost always adverse. Is the stock paying a dividend? There is danger that it will pass out of the active list into the investment securities. The managers must sell it short and devise some means of squandering a few millions so as to enable them to buy it back at a much lower price. This game has been played over and over again. Erie has become a synonym for reckless extravagance in its management and instability of value. It never can become what it ought to be—a well-managed, dividend-paying road—until a radical change has taken place in its board of directors. Until Mr. Drew's baneful influence is removed from its counsels, it must continue a non-dividend-paying concern. It has been decreed that Mr. Drew must retire. He has manipulated Erie quite too long; and a more powerful combination than he could ever control has determined on his expulsion. He and his friends, however, fight to the last and die very hard. Injunctions notwithstanding, they issue and sell stock which they have no more legal title or right to issue than they have to issue stock on the Bank of England, except that in that case their offence would be technical forgery, while in this it is only actual breach of trust. Failing to flood the market with spurious stock and so create a panic of distrust and fear, during the prevalence of which they might purchase back their lost control at a low figure, they have attempted, by locking up several millions of dollars, to create a stringency in the money market, which would have the same effect. Failing in that, they have gathered up their books and fled out of the jurisdiction of our courts in the vain hope of baffling justice for a little while longer.

It is well known that Mr. Drew is the treasurer of the road; it was well known to the board of directors that he had largely oversold the market with Erie stock; and just at the moment when his short sales were due, and the stock had advanced far above the price he had sold it at, the directors, under the guise of a pledge to Mr. Drew of 56,000 shares of stock, furnished him with the means of depressing the market value of the stock and the credit of the company. Such a loan and such a pledge were surely never heard of before. The stock, instead of being held as security for an amount advanced, was immediately

sold to produce that amount and a million or so more, and Mr. Drew remains under contract to return, when the loan matures, stock which he has sold. It is thus clearly his interest to keep the stock at the lowest figure. It is his private interest to mismanage the financial affairs of the company, so that it shall become bankrupt. Suppose he does not do so, although the supposition be a violent one, it is against the policy of the law to allow a trustee to have interests adverse to the interests of the *cestui que trust*.

MARRIAGE AS A DUTY.

"CRESCITE ET MULTIPLICAMINI" is the first and, from a merely mundane point of view, by far the most important precept enjoined in that code of laws which the Christian world has accepted for its moral guidance; yet it is one which more and more, daily, we seem satisfied to advocate in theory and to ignore in practice. It is long since people of fashion began to regard marriage apart from that incident which most theologians look upon as the chief end and aim of its institution; but it is only of late years that increase of enlightenment has enabled us to boast of a practice whose iniquity we were once content to shroud in appropriate darkness. It is only very recently that the walls of New England kitchens began to be adorned with implements for the murder of God's image in its dearest sanctuary, hung up with the household utensils and doubtless kept in as unblushing use. But the dearest appliances of science for stripping marriage of its inconveniences and responsibilities, however effectual, are still troublesome and often dangerous. So we propose to remedy the trouble still more completely by dispensing with marriage altogether. English curates have found it necessary to plead for the continuance of a custom which is at least sanctified by all tradition and precedent, lest it should altogether die out; and eloquent Père Hyacinthe at Paris has devoted all his fervor to the same end. A crusade for the salvation of matrimony seems to have been inaugurated in Europe among the priesthood of every creed. With us in America the danger is quite as imminent; but very many of our clergy have been far too intent on saving the nation to interest themselves very deeply in the perpetuation of the race. Yet here perhaps more than anywhere else is an effort necessary to stem the current of a constantly increasing prejudice which seems to menace in time a depopulation of the country. Dr. Storor, if we are not mistaken, asserts on apparently good authority that in the older states of the Union the natural increase of the population proceeds entirely from foreign immigration and the progeny of foreign immigrants, the number of native births showing a slight but constant decrease from year to year. And it is matter of common remark that marriages are getting to be rarer every year. The prospect is such as no thoughtful man can deem otherwise than alarming, and the problem must tax all the ingenuity of the social philosopher to provide a remedy. It is hardly possible to force men to marry against their will, and it is difficult to persuade them. Women would doubtless be found more amenable to reason; but leap-year, unluckily, is honored more in theory than in practice. And it is after all to the propagation of marriage that we must address ourselves; the darker evil which we have hinted at above, and against which not even marriage is any safeguard, is from its very nature almost beyond the reach of any influence but the slow and gradual progress of enlightenment and the force of medical and religious teaching. Besides, it is useless to attempt to reform an institution which seems to be in danger of dying out altogether unless the hidden causes which are preying at its roots be discovered and removed.

Many reasons are assigned for the growing disuse of marriage among that part of the community especially whom wealth and refinement would seem naturally to incline toward it. The alarming increase of female extravagance and folly, the patent and growing indifference of wives to their husbands' comfort, the frivolity and heartlessness of our women, are set forth on one side with all the eloquence of indignation; while on the other we have depicted in glowing colors the selfishness and sordidness of men, their recklessness of all that lends to woman her peculiar delicate charm, their propensity to make her not a helpmeet and companion but a household drudge and servitor. Perhaps there is truth on both sides mingled with a little embellishment; and there is probably a *juste milieu* between the two wherein we shall find a more thoroughly satisfactory solution. It cannot be denied that women nowadays are frightfully extravagant, but

it might be well to enquire how far their extravagance is stimulated and fostered by husband, lover, or brother. It is possible, too, that a modern wife is somewhat less solicitous for the tenderness of her husband's steak or the clearness of his coffee than her grandmother may have been, yet it should not be forgotten that woman's sphere is daily expanding and her energies becoming developed and refined; that her soul is beginning to lift itself above the narrow and debasing cares of the kitchen, to soar away from the earthly allurements of buckwheat cakes into the misty heaven of aesthetics. What husbands lose in comfort, therefore, they gain in a wider range of sympathies and a more elevated companionship of thought and sentiment. It is aggravating, to be sure, to sit down after a hard day's work to a dinner half cooked and wholly indigestible; but it is consoling to remember that if dearest Caroline can't cook she can at least appreciate *Sordello* and point out the fallacies of John Stuart Mill. One does not expect to be cooped up at home or to be dining for ever, and what generous and high-minded husband would not cheerfully endure the pangs of dyspepsia for the sake of seeing his cultivated wife the cynosure of every company? Besides, it may be questioned whether most husbands give their wives any great encouragement to persevere in those little cares and attentions which contribute so much to the happiness of domestic life. Man is a selfish animal at best, and is vastly readier to blame what displeases him than to praise what he likes; and the best and most patient of wives might be pardoned for feeling aggrieved when the day's exertions and toils meet with no other reward than peevishness and inattention, when her tid-bits are disregarded or set aside, and her famous pudding, on which she has exhausted all the resources of culinary skill, is gobbled down without a sign of satisfaction, like any ordinary pasty. Woman's organization is so delicate and fine that her sensibilities are being constantly wounded and outraged in a thousand ways imperceptible to our coarser vision; and all the confidence and intimacy of the married relation only serve to intensify the shock. And, on the other hand, women are often unwilling or, from their spiritual conformation, even unable to make due allowances for the petty distractions and annoyances or graver troubles which account for a great deal of masculine petulance and grumbling. So there is mutual misunderstanding and recrimination; husband goes to his club to sulk, and wife retires to her boudoir to cry. Society is edified by another instance of conjugal unhappiness, and another warning is set up for wavering bachelors and maids.

But these domestic infelicities are common to all ages and countries,—have, indeed, their origin in human nature, and scarcely explain the singular disinclination to matrimony observable at present. Feminine extravagance might give a reason for the phenomenon among what are called the higher, that is the wealthier, classes, but would not so well account for the falling off in the number of marriages among the poor and humble. It may be there is that in the constitution of modern society, in the changing relation of the sexes, in the vague discontent and yearning of women for a higher sphere and nobler work than we allot them, in the indiscriminating, generally unreflecting, scorn of men for all theories of sexual equality, which tends to render marriage an unusually dangerous and doubtful experiment, and so, by an influence continually spreading in concentric circles, to deter outside observers from risking it. But after all the majority of men trouble their heads but little on the score of women's rights, the majority of women not at all; we must look for some deeper cause. Can it be that this is but another sign of the many which seem to point to impending and mighty revolution, to an overturning and rebuilding of the entire fabric of society? Shall we have yet to turn for relief to the prophets we have flouted and despised—to M. Fourier or Mr. Owen or Mr. Ruskin, who beckons us so smilingly and confidently to what a charming social Utopia, where all the men shall be brave and all the women virtuous, and marriage is to be a prize, a box of bonbons for the good children? Or must we request Mr. Matthew Arnold to reorganize marriage on a basis of sweetness and light, and permit no one to enter that blessed state till after passing a strict examination in all the branches of culture? Or must we turn, finally, to Mr. Hepworth Dixon and his *Spiritual Wives* for a solution of our difficulty?

The problem is sufficiently perplexing, and meanwhile we wait in darkness and doubt for the long-delaying dawn. Of course if the disuse of marriage continues and increases in its present ratio till the institution gets to be entirely obsolete, the question be-

comes greatly simplified. We have only to prepare for the millennium, and to request Dr. Cumming, who has been rashly kind enough to postpone the end of the world for a million years, to revise his dates. And if the prospect be somewhat unpleasant, as it must be to those of us who have long investments in real estate or remote aspirations for the Presidency, it remains to settle what shall be done to avert the evil, and make men and women see that marriage is not only a luxury but a positive necessity, not only a personal comfort but an absolute duty to society. Perhaps it might be accomplished by judicious legislation, by—to revive an ancient ordinance—attaching a state premium to all marriages and births, by making it a title of honor to a woman to have borne the most children. It is hard to say; the question is full of doubts and perplexities, not the least of which is the difficulty of bringing it home to ourselves. We are all ready to concede the abstract necessity of somebody's marrying, and to urge on everybody else the likelihood of his being the somebody in question, but we mentally exempt ourselves. It is evident that something must be done, but who is to do it or how it is to be done is not easy to determine.

THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN AMERICA.

FOR a hundred and fifty years the German people have continued to immigrate hither, until of late the movement has assumed the proportions of an exodus. It is computed that the number of nationalized Germans in the states has now reached the surprising figure of six millions. Of this body, possibly the nucleus of a future predominant people, the first contribution was made soon after Penn's appearance, and was followed by sparse but successive immigrations from Württemberg and the Palatinate up to the days of the American Revolution, when some of the Hessian troops employed in the British service clung to the soil and left a colony in Pennsylvania. At a subsequent date, and during the early decades of the present century, immense numbers of poor, hardy Germans and Swiss emigrated to us under the "Redemption" system; earning the paltry passage-money across the Atlantic by years of service to the masters who literally bought them off the vessels in which they had embarked. And now we see the people of the Fatherland and Scandinavia coming over in hosts so vast that whole states have become tinged with a Teutonic hue; implanting national characteristics so strongly in certain portions of our domain as to affect popular legislation and temper national thought. It becomes, therefore, a matter of interest to investigate the employments of these adopted compatriots, their grades and conditions of life, as well as to analyze the intellectual and organic material that is entering so largely into our nationality.

Of the portion devoted to the pursuits of agricultural and mechanical labor we find the descendants of the Württemberger and Hessian, and the more modern representative of Württemberg and Baden, tilling the soil of Pennsylvania and Ohio in the old routine pointed out by traditional maxims. The yeoman of the German districts has little intellectual cultivation, and although he adopts most of the improvements of modern mechanism, he pursues the beaten track of his ancestors and opposes mental progress with great pertinacity, clinging to old and slow processes because they are an inheritance. In matters of practical thought he holds fast to what they have laid down, and seldom diverges into the uncertain regions of discovery, from the belief that the employment of the head demoralizes the arm. Some grand virtues, however, lie concealed under this Boeotian exterior, and although faith may reign in the place of intellect, a rugged honesty forbids the entrance of graceful deceit, and on the whole he really merits the stock appellation of "the bone and sinew of the land." The descendants of this stock, however, form but an unimportant fraction of the agricultural German population, since new arrivals from abroad are of, at times, daily occurrence; and the sturdy immigrant no sooner lands upon our shores than he pursues his course to the West, in whose vast and fertile tracts he finds a most welcome exchange for the scant possessions he left behind in the Fatherland, where he was suffered to vegetate through life, *contentus parvo*. Here he need but apply the industry and frugality in which he has been trained to make to himself a homestead and the substantial comforts of life. Thus the original, primitive material of the country is being invigorated and replenished by large accessions of German, Swiss, and Scandinavian husbandmen.

Our native American mechanic receives an educa-

tion of an almost exclusively geometrical tendency. The machine-shop is becoming a favorite resort for such as do not aspire to the learned professions or mercantile pursuits, and here, through the various forms of mechanical invention, they are initiated into the exactness of mechanical thought. Mechanism is taken chiefly from the stand-point of utility, endurance, and massive substantiality. Nearly all the inventions that emanate from the brain of the American point to some useful purpose, and ornamentation or anything that may be regarded as an emanation of art is rare and exceptional. Reared in this mathematical discipline, our native youth become familiar with curves, straight lines, angles, and circles. The machine supplies the place of hand-labor whenever it is applicable, and the natural result of such a training is apparent in the decline of imaginative powers, the loss of plasticity, and an entire reliance on the geometrical powers of the lathe, the planer, and other complicated and ingenious combinations of rotary forces. It becomes a question, therefore, whether the increasing use of machinery and its substitution for the old system of hand-labor may not lead to the decline of art among us by teaching us to dispense more and more with manipulative exercise and those creations which depend upon the tact and skill of the hand for their beauty. It is at this point in the history of American industry that the foreign artisan steps in to our relief. The German has been educated under a system which combines long and systematic training with years of probation. He must live through the "Lehrjahre" and the "Wanderjahre"—the years of tuition and the years of struggles—going from city to city and accumulating the ideas of his craft by constant intercourse with new geniuses.* The special excellence of the German workman springs from his endowment in art mechanism. He possesses a plastic hand and great facility in carving, engraving, filing, lacquering, polishing, and gilding; excels in fine optical work and the various designs in wood and metal, as well as in constructing musical instruments. Indeed, the genius of Benvenuto Cellini survives, and is strikingly apparent, in all the Germanic and Romanic races. Their native land and all its associations, their natural organic structure with its predisposition for art and refined modes of thought, their peaceful avocations and few political distractions—all these serve to engender a love of imaginative study, such as we see developed in the higher grades of artistic industry. Art is, moreover, instinctive in the Germanic and Romanic mind, which demands opportunity for its study as well as its display. This natural taste being allied to industrious pursuits, imparts ornamentation to the multifarious designs of useful labor. Yet artistic workmanship needs a long practice, a patient, submissive apprenticeship, and a pliant servitude under the master, which practically preclude the youth of our republic from becoming skilled in the imaginative workmanship of their German compeers. Besides, it is a distinctive feature of European art and mechanism, that every branch has its particular locality. In these various homes of industrial skill each one has some distinguishing specialty, where a single article of elegance, which no foreign competition can ever rival, is fabricated and sent out over the earth. In these active abodes the secrets of a wondrous skill are handed down by tradition, and children succeed to the practices of their fathers with accumulating proficiency. Manual dexterity improves with successive generations, and the most wonderful celerity of production can be observed among those classes who have made any one spot the emporium of some marked pursuit. The rule applies to the artisans and workmen of all the countries of Europe; and we are, at this moment, importing skilled labor from numerous points in England, Wales, France, Germany, and Italy, where each peculiar department has become an institution of time after the lapse of centuries of slow development. Even in America various manufactures have grown up and culminated in great perfection by being confined to particular localities; but from the nomadic and restless character of our people it will be a long time before the various divisions of labor will be settled into large communities and special districts. We do not deny that we are the producers of elaborate workmanship; but in most cases it is found to originate either in the workshops of foreign artisans or in those where foreign skill supplements that of the native, or else in those where may be traced European paternity and hereditary talent for the specialty of their fathers. On all these considerations the German artisan is an acquisition to imagina-

* The guild system exacting this peculiar rule is in its decline, and has been abolished in many of the German states, leaving the apprentice to enter as journeyman under any employer he may choose, dispensing with the "Wanderjahre," and curtailing the impediments to an independent manhood.

tive industry, and is likely to exercise a great and enduring influence on our future. Particular weight must be given to this influence, since the large body of immigrant Germans are of the industrial class, and seek either our fields or our workshops; whereas men of learning and science, philosophers and poets, painters and sculptors, remain at home to enjoy the more congenial atmosphere that surrounds the monuments of the past. Yet the spirit of art and learning and great aesthetic susceptibility is largely diffused throughout the whole people, and even those who make their appearance here, under the harsh exterior and rough guise that first strike us, are found to give unmistakable evidences of education and culture.

Strictly speaking, the study of intellectual Germany has never been popular here, nor has it assumed a prominent rank in American education. We may impute the cause of this, in part, to the difficulty of acquiring its language, and partly to the depreciation of German by the English among our early educators. We have been so born and cradled in English thought that a transformation into a new intellectual life is requisite to grasp the nervous beauty of German imagination. The discussions of British critics on German subjects, the views given from time to time on the master-minds of literature are so inadequate, so superficial, so cramped and biased by national feeling, that they rather repel than invite the American student. In the case of Goethe, for instance, it is difficult for him to comprehend how a single author can be gifted with such wealth of imagination, such stores of scientific and emotional knowledge—in fine, with such general powers in the provinces of fancy, philosophy, and science as render him the compendium of all the great thoughts of a great nation. But no mere perusal of *Faust*, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, or *Wilhelm Meister*—individual performances of great art and pointing to certain epochs in the life of Goethe—neither of his poetical effusions, pellucid gems as many of them are, will give an adequate idea of the representation of German thought found in Goethe. Aside from the drama or poetry or romance, his travels and his views on art and all the self-delineations of his autobiography constitute the memorial of the man of afterthought, who sits down at mature age and hopes that his days may be long and serene, for the sake of knowledge and of adding more and more to its grand and sublime accumulations. The German language and all that emanates from its acquirement—the science, literature, painting, sculpture and music; the social institutions, the traditions, people's songs, fairy creations, and great physical pictures of Germany and Switzerland—transfer the mind, as it were, into a new world. The German comes to us with a thorough intellectual training. He imbibes first elements through slow and cautious processes that impress indelibly upon the mind whatever they inculcate. Our American youth are said to catch and receive ideas quickly; the German boy, on the contrary, is not prone to comprehend at first view; he needs time to ponder, and thus becomes the recipient of knowledge by the medium of reflection, allowing cogitation to pass through a process. Our own more electrical mental nature has greater versatility and aptness for immediate purposes, and is most admirably adapted to the development of a new country; but the intellectual German deposits the gatherings of wisdom within the alembic of thought, and there converts them into the higher forms and generalizations of philosophy.

In the analysis of his mental organization we find the Scandinavian, Teutonic, and Anglo-Saxon nature tempered by the soft and womanly tenderness of the Romanic races. There are the impetuosity, vigor, firmness, and endurance of a Northman of the feudal times, tempered by the effeminate attributes of an Italian. Hence we see the forms of plastic art springing up in this cold northern latitude; hence a national music fixed in what were once the wilds of Caesar's Germania. Such contrasts of temperament have created the massive character, and are reflected in the art and literature, of this vast nation of thinkers.* Bringing his home associations from the old country to the new, the German finds himself removed into a world of commonplace thought where everything has a materialistic turn, and where a realistic course of life banishes the gnome and the fairy from our mountains and our dells.

A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY.

MR. SUPERINTENDENT KENNEDY has signalized his short but glorious reign over the police principality of Manhattan by the display of a

* It has been observed that since the Napoleonic wars and the occupation of German soil by French troops new shades of temperament have been added to the national character, and greater variety to organic structure.

vast deal of what his friends call zeal and his enemies—what good and great man has them not?—officious and petty tyranny. One's enemies and friends will take such directly opposite views of one's character and actions that one is often puzzled to discover the golden mean between fulsome adulation and scurrilous abuse, to know whether to regard one's self as a finished scoundrel or a perfect saint. We profess to be of the number of Mr. Kennedy's friends, and it is, therefore, perhaps superfluous for us to say that we consider his enemies mistaken and prejudiced—in all probability rascals, every one of them. "No rogue e'er felt the halter draw," etc. Perhaps it is a remembrance of the unpleasant lethargy of King Log that makes us willing to shut our eyes to the sometimes, it must be confessed, unnecessary energy of King Stork; but, whatever may be Mr. Kennedy's errors or shortcomings, it cannot, we think, be denied that he has brought the force under his command into a high state of efficiency, that he has infused into it a portion of his own admirable vigilance and zeal. The number of arrests during the past year—over eighty thousand, the Police Commissioners tell us in their last report—still more the number of complaints which those estimable gentlemen are in the habit of not hearing daily, testify to the restless activity of the force. As for Mr. Kennedy, he is Argus, he is Briareus, at once. If the comparison were not undignified, we should say he was a perfect Cerberus, a complete Mr. Stanton, for sleeplessness. We have a pleasant fancy of him seated in his cosy office at the police headquarters in Mulberry Street like a small but very crafty spider in his web, cunningly entrapping the unsuspecting flies of crime. And certainly a great many flies have fallen into his unrelenting clutches. Just think—eighty thousand rogues has this invaluable man in the space of one year relieved us of! Should we not all tremble—we other rogues who have not yet been found out, lest presently that awful eye shall fall on us and the policeman's pitiless truncheon descend on our unprotected skulls? Or shall we rather regard our immunity from arrest as proof of a virtue which we never suspected in ourselves, and so toss up our caps and cry long life to his worship?

Perhaps the latter would be the more philosophic as well as the pleasanter view. It is not agreeable to look upon one's self as a rogue, and probably we have been in the foregoing paragraph a trifle more cynical than sincere. Doubtless most of us are much more apt to regard ourselves as saints than as sinners at heart, and we are doubtless right. It is more satisfactory, at least, if not so credible. And really to have escaped the censure of Mr. Kennedy's lynx-eyed vigilance and supernatural acumen in detecting crime is matter for no ordinary self-gratulation. He has made the path of rectitude so extremely narrow that we who have not wandered are entitled to all the applause of an approving conscience.

Let us suppose for a moment that we had been children of the Israelitish faith, and that we had wished to celebrate the festival of Purim according to the traditions of our ancestors, in a way justified by the precedents of the municipality and the permit of the honorable mayor. We sallied forth from our houses in a fantastic but not illegal attire and conscious of no offence. Are we permitted to carry out our nefarious design? Far from it. The zealous superintendent is not so to be deceived. His unwinking eye penetrates in a moment the dreadful possibilities lurking under these villainous masks and dominoes; burglary, arson, murder, rush in dreadful procession through his superintending mind, and the plot is nipped in the bud. A word to an attendant myrmidon and the fiat is flashed over the city, the watchful guardians of the peace swarm from the secret places wherein their sacred persons are kept intact from vulgar peril, and every station-house door clanks harshly upon a score of trembling plotters. To be sure we don't look like very dangerous ruffians—we are most of us young children very much frightened and probably crying very bitterly; but they are up to all our dodges, you see, these stalwart guardians of ours, so that they lock us up in all our holiday finery to shiver in cold and terror till the morning, when the prayers and protestations of distracted parents shall earn our tardy release. Then we go home rejoicing and thanking God very much that we are so well protected and that Mr. Kennedy is our master. Perhaps our parents take a different view of it, and say harsh things of Mr. Kennedy, and make him a byword and a reproach; perhaps they rave about the natural right of liberty, about *habeas corpus* and the Constitution, but just as like as not our parents are traitors and made money during the war. They are only Jews, you see; and you don't

mean to tell us that a Jew has any rights? Of course not; so let us all speak well of Mr. Kennedy, and be thankful he didn't hang us, as he clearly might have done, instead of locking us up for a night.

We are pained to find that these remarks should be necessary, that in this law-abiding community there should be found people so lost to all regard for rightful authority as to stigmatize this proceeding as an act of high-handed tyranny, and to menace the virtuous superintendent with all the terrors of a civil trial. We entreat these inconsiderate persons to consider the awful responsibility which rests on Mr. Kennedy's shoulders, the necessity for constant arrests, and the general lawlessness of our youthful population. Most of the crimes which constantly shock us, despite all Mr. Kennedy's vigilance, are, it is well known, committed by children between the ages of five and ten, the majority of whom are of the Jewish persuasion; and to have let loose this band of infant desperadoes, under cover of the Purim, would undoubtedly have been to expose the city to rapine and to ruin. The historical horrors of St. Bartholomew might have paled beside the massacre of the Purim. The more we think of it the more we feel inclined to blame our energetic superintendent for excess of clemency, to censure him for not having more closely followed the precedent of his illustrious predecessor, King Herod. Think of the atrocities those ruffianly babes might have committed under the spur of religious fanaticism, and say what praise can be too great for the firmness and foresight that averted the calamity!

Reward, therefore, and not punishment, Mr. Kennedy's action seems to us to have merited. How shall we reward so great a man? We might make him governor; but who would descend to be governor of the state after being governor of the metropolis? We might make him President; his peculiar experience would fit him admirably to carry out the Congressional plan for reconstruction, but with a senate which has tasted the joys of impeachment it might prove but a sorry reward. Perhaps the best and altogether the neatest thing we could do would be to revive, by act of Congress, that good old institution the Inquisition, and appoint Mr. Kennedy our inquisitor-general with unlimited power and salary, general jurisdiction over the Hebrew—headquarters in Chatham Street if he liked—and boundless powers, not transferable, of lawfully spanking all sexes and sizes of small, fierce children, *ne quid detrimenti capiat respublica*.

THE LAPSE OF THE LAUREATE.

WHEN an article of commerce is offered to us with the warranty of an established name and reputation we are apt to complain of being fraudulently dealt with if it fall measurably below its usual standard of excellence. This standard is easily found; the commodity and its corresponding trade-mark are soon assigned their position, and a continued superiority in the one will tend to give a reasonable degree of confidence in the promise held out by the other. Long experience teaches us to believe the testimony of a label almost as implicitly as the word of a friend. Nor is this principle alone confined to our coffee and wine, our baking-powder and mustard. Making a name in art, as in commerce, does not mean doing about as well as our neighbors, or not much worse, but doing better. "To do well is well," says a Zend moralist; "but to do better is best." And although actual comparison in kind and degree is not as simple in art—using the term in its widest sense—as when physical products are submitted to physical tests, it is still not difficult to assign to one worker a higher place than that held by another. It is by innate aestheticism, more or less aided by culture, that we discriminate without well knowing the why and wherefore of our preference; that we credit one with the afflatus and deny it to another. In no walk of art does consciousness prevail over reason in the judgement of relative merits more than in romance. Many have scaled the Olympic height and been throned, if not permanently, at least for the nonce among the gods in defiance of the trained criticism of the schoolmen; so many, in fact, that age by age the standards of criticism have been new moulded to fit the actual measure of achieved success. But success achieved and success maintained are different things. That consciousness which recognizes the ascending course of a writer and condones the minor faults that hedge his way upward to a higher level of excellence, at once, and strongly too, condemns any deflection from that level downward.

Romance is at once the fruit and food of imagination, and the highest place in it is to be assigned to

poetry. Here, more than in fiction properly speaking, the principle of aesthetic prejudice holds good, and strikingly so in the case of Alfred Tennyson. No young rhymist was ever more completely done to death, from a critical point of view, than the present Laureate, and perhaps since the time of Keats and Montgomery no more promising quarry had sprung up in the course of the reviewers. To none had the unbending straight-edges of criticism been applied with more condemnatory results. As he himself subsequently wrote:

"Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said a weed."

But after the public reversed its judgement the critics signally failed to convince it that the strange plant was other than a flower. It was accepted as such while in the leaf and bud, spite of sundry spines and prickles that clung to its stalk and disfigured it. At last it reached its full stature—or, as we are told,

"Then it grew so tall,
It wore a crown of light!"—

and occupied a position fixed and in a measure unsailable. We are not going to enter upon a review of Mr. Tennyson's works. It is enough that by an almost unanimous verdict, one that applauds and incites to imitation, he has reached a station separated widely from poets of his own school. And it is but fair to expect him to maintain his elevated rank by use of all the means in his power. Those means have helped him hitherto, and it is not reasonable that they should fail him in his prime. To hold a fortress is a less arduous labor than to conquer it. The question is simply whether the Laureate is keeping up to his level or falling from it without adequate cause? And if his tendency be toward weakness, is it not the right of those who discern it to utter a remonstrance? Shall we not complain if the brand fail to indicate with tolerable precision the value of the wares, and the name of Tennyson shield the vagaries of a Tupper?

Those who have risen and striven to retain their station have often enough been hunted down by the cry of "deterioration." This cry, oftener prompted by envy than by deliberate judgement, is apt to be prematurely heard; but even then it is to a great extent a prediction, a warning, which its object would do well to heed. There are few more melancholy sights than a great writer undermining his own fame, and keeping on by sheer inertia long after the impelling power has ceased to act. This, however, does not often happen. The loved of the gods die young, and many a glorious column is shattered before its capital is placed. Yet dying in the flush of victory is better than a slow sinking from the zenith to the numbing mists of senility. Contrast Thackeray or Macaulay with Scott or Lamartine. The decay of a state is hardly less painful than the decline of a genius. It is strange that in general nothing short of actual dissolution of the bond between soul and body will check an author's career, or enable him to see his shortcomings and arrest himself. There is an infatuation that leads him aimlessly on, while he falls from running to walking, and from walking to creeping. The charge that a great man is writing himself out is a sneaking sort of attack unless it be very well supported. Is Mr. Tennyson retrograding or not? His advance can be easily traced. As creeping efforts we find *O Darling Room*, *The Skipping-Rope*, and other cheery little nonentities, of which he seems to be heartily ashamed, for they have dropped out of his published collections. From these his course trends to his culminating poems, *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, and *Elaine*. To claim that he should always preserve the grade thus reached would be unreasonable, for there can be but few masterpieces. An unvarying monotony of masterpieces would be a curse, not a boon. To find the average water-line of his talent we should treat his poems somewhat as rivers are measured: not by their seasons of extraordinary flood, but by the normal boundary marked by their flow on the banks and cliffs. The Nile's stream is not that of its inundation. Imitation seeks to scale an attainable height, not one beyond reach, and the line thus touched by the "flock of idyllic swans" serves to guide us. An ideal section from *Dora* through *Maud* to *Enoch Arden* will give us nearly the level we seek. Above that is progress upward; below, deterioration.

Until recently we have for a long time had little that is new from Mr. Tennyson; he has been mainly occupied in polishing and revising his earlier pieces. So numerous are the changes thus brought about that the various editions give many conflicting readings, to the confusion of quotation-mongers and oftener to the enervation of the original ideas. The right of subsequent elaboration and revision may be questioned, for

it would seem to be an author's manifest duty to give his thought to the world finished and complete. Originally he has the undoubted option of contributing or not to the common use of mankind, but once out of his control it is, so to speak, a gift not to be rescinded. But with the opening of the year Mr. Tennyson appeared in a new character, not as formerly in collections of poems or idylls, not in his official person as Laureate, but as a regular contributor to the periodical press. Tempted by the offer of large sums of money from the partial retirement into which he had withdrawn, he has brought to light thus far four noteworthy bits of versification. To say merely that they are beneath him is to speak well of them. The fame of their author secures them purchasers at what Wall Street would call fancy prices, one having brought some 250 guineas. The fame of their author also ensures their being read, for to be ignorant of Mr. Tennyson's last is to be ignorant indeed. The magic of the poet's name may cast a glamour over them and may cause them to be read eagerly, carefully, patiently, and with a sincere desire to winnow out what grain there may be from the painfully evident chaff. But the name is used unworthily. The warranty of an established reputation covers an effete and adulterated draught instead of the health-giving cordial looked for, and looked for in vain.

Perhaps the best evidence of the intrinsic inferiority of a poem is the strong desire awakened in the mind of the average reader to parody it; to wrest other meanings from it; to clothe its crude ideas with contrary words, or divert its loosely-hinged phrases to the carriage of thoughts totally different from those aimed to be conveyed. Some of those now before us are of this kind. *On a Spiteful Letter* is the first of the series. In it we find cropping out strongly a vein of self-esteem not altogether foreign to some of Mr. Tennyson's previous writings, with a more unpleasant admixture of what seems very like mock humility. What are we to think of these verses:

"My fame in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better."

when placed in context with another stanza whose last lines are not unworthy of Jack Bunshy himself?

"Greater than I—is n't that your cry?
And I shall live to see it.
Well, if it be so, so it is, you know:
And if it be so—so be it."

Does the Laureate, who by an unmistakable poetical conceit typifies himself as a greener leaf that hangs a moment later, really believe that the yellow leaf is his equal and superior? It is hard to think otherwise; but his assertion, direct as it is, does not carry conviction with it. *The Victim* is simply an evidence of retrogression; it is not good to a surprising degree, neither is it hopelessly bad. It is just, as the provision reports say, "fair to middling;" nothing more. Perhaps it would have been bettered by dropping the jingling iteration of "nearest," "dearest," "wife," "life," and "knife;" but this is now past the poet's mending. The third on the list is called *Wages*, and is measurably better than the others, though this is scarcely praise. Its opening greets us with a sounding echo of the old diapason tones that were wont to be so familiar:

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea;
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong."

But it is only an echo, and sinks feebly away in the lines succeeding:

"Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she—
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be."

And as it dies we wonder what we have been reading about; whether struggling can justly be regarded as a glory of virtue; and whether the voice flying by, which we take to be that of fame, is anything like the crooning hum of the big brown beetles that flit past one oceanward in the warm Newport twilight. Our entomological bent is further humored by a query about "the life of the worm and the fly" in the second and final stanza, and we lay down *Wages* with a sad regret that it is no better, and take up the remaining piece. Its title is as bald and business-like as the inscription on a merchant's green box of paid bills; and the whole "thing"—for it is neither stanza nor sonnet, nor yet poem—is so singular that we transcribe it bodily:

"1865-66.

"I stood on a tower in the wet,
And New-Year and Old-Year met,
And winds were roaring and blowing;
And I said, O years, that meet in tears,
Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
Science enough and exploring,
Wanderers coming and going,
Matter enough for deploring,
But aught that is worth the knowing?"

Seas at my feet were flowing,
Waves on the shingle pouring,
New-Year roaring and blowing,
And Old-Year blowing and roaring!"

It would be as painful as useless to comment long upon such a production. From the heading we infer that it has been on paper for two years and some weeks, subject all this time to the careful elaboration in which Mr. Tennyson delights. The price paid for this work (*magnum opus*) has not yet reached us; but it is to be hoped that it is commensurate with the years of labor bestowed upon it. What must it have been in the first rough draught if a tower in the wet now signifies a light-house? And, to fix the point of deterioration, contrast the passage about waves on the shingle with a line in *Maud* where the distraught lover listens—

"Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave."

What is the difference? One is poetry and the other prose, and not remarkably good prose either. One calls up the grinding agony of the worn pebbles as they hurry after the retreating breakers, the other evolves nothing in particular from the reader's inner consciousness. It is said that Mr. Tennyson is under contract to furnish a leading English periodical with a monthly poem for one year, in consideration of the sum of one thousand pounds. If this be so, and the publisher is to receive more like the foregoing, the speedy cancelling of the bond will be for the good of publisher and public alike. One is almost tempted to surmise that under the stimulus of exorbitant payments the poet is meeting the demand upon him with the scraps of the past few years, till now thrown aside as worthless.

The world has been a gainer, and a great one, by the life of such a man as Alfred Tennyson. If he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before deserves the gratitude of his kind, he is a much greater benefactor who has delighted and taught us for so many years and added so largely to the fund of human thought. He has not, perhaps, abounded in new creations, but he has caught fleeting images and memories, lightly touched by other workers in the same fields, and fixed them for us for ever. And if hitherto gainers, how doubly losers are we if this, our idol, in whom we have learned to trust, be found to have feet of clay? Much better total, lasting silence, crowned by the laurels of the past, than this steady retrogression.

DANDIES.

THE abnormal New Yorker who, in a fit of abstraction, an attack of illness, or the dumb agony of missing a return ferry-boat, ever takes time to think about New York at all, must conclude that the city swarms with dandies. He cannot travel even to the strange, peaceful land across the North River—"so near and yet so far"—without finding that everywhere the popular idea of a pattern New Yorker implies and includes dandyism as an essential. The metropolitan may be tall and tender or small and smiling, prig, politician, or pundit, "so gentlemanly" or "not a bit nice"—nay, splendid or horrid—at the sweet will of the outside public, but "dressy" he must be. If, as a sporadic exception, he is not so, it is pretty sure to turn out that the unnatural Gothamite is some walking fraud—a Brooklyn person, like enough, with or without a thin veneering of recent residence; or perhaps some such hibernating deception as the Philosopher of the White Hat, whose philosophy being a New York institution, misleads much honest folk into fearfully erroneous analogies as to his Westchester—ah, very Westchester—hat. Even a New York poet—could one imagine such a myth—might wear clothes that fitted it, and comb or even part its hair, and still be a poet—as poets go. But the New York citizen must go abroad from Manhattan Island to see this clearly, and glass his home in stranger eyes. We are so accustomed to meeting a certain modicum of spruce people in our main thoroughfares that we accept them mechanically, and think no more of them than of so many ugly women or mud-puddles or policemen.

On the other hand, strangers go too far the other way, and call us all dandies. This ignores some very broad distinctions, and does great injustice to a very small, select, and ornamental class of our community. True, we have large numbers, even large classes, of natty men. The stock and gold brokers are, all in all, the best dressed set of men in the city. (*En passant*, has any one noticed how stylish the female broker—the lady that corresponds to this genus—is?) Their employers, the bulls and bears, are probably the most slovenly. Close behind the brokers in the race come prosperous young lawyers—the most extravagant folk in the world—and the upper class of clerks. After

these the deluge—the *oi πολλοί* of unclassified aspirants to dandyism. But merely well-dressed men are not necessarily dandies at all. The difference between the two may perhaps be condensed into the theorem that a well-dressed man is a man with a good suit of clothes on, and a dandy is a succession of suits of clothes with a man in them, or something in the fashionable shape of man. Yet even clothes do not alone make the dandy. *Nascitur, non fit*. He begins, of course, by being a boy—often not at all a remarkable boy—possibly even a careless boy. But there is a certain age that boys, we regret to say, attain when they universally have a revelation of the need of dress. Perhaps this is because they need it most then, being principally hands, feet, and joints, as all hobbledehoyos ought to be. At any rate, boys take to dress just as they mostly at some time or other learn the moves of chess, and, like chess, with some it is a bore, with others an accomplishment, with others a passion. This passion a dandy never gets over. He is a devotee and generally a martyr to his toilet. And when some of his mates—their brief, brilliant hour of jauntiness past—have subsided into ready-made clothes and brogans, and others settled into pepper-and-salt suits, sad-colored cravats, and independence of fashion and the fitness of tailors' things, and others fallen to long-tailed frock-coats and buttoned shirts and sanctimoniousness, he shines a fixed star of Broadway, *simplex munditiis*, the pink of sartorial perfection, the envy of the great unstylish, the apple of his tailor's eye.

Of these glasses of fashion and moulds of form we certainly are infested with our share. We know them and their haunts by heart; how they saunter Broadway—against the current, like salmon—how they indulge the "weaker" sex on the Fifth Avenue of afternoons, and patronize them from club-house windows on Sundays, or sometimes majestically rake them with a broadside from their eye-glasses on the edge of that mixed jury of gentlemen and gents that passes its verdict from one or two of the hotel porticoes; how they loll and dawdle and drawl, "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," and what a stylish super-superb nuisance they are generally! And yet beyond question they have their work and their use in this world. "What does a dandy do?" We don't know—we don't care—*ce n'est pas là que son métier*. What does the insect butterfly do for a livelihood? how about the lilies of the field? Perhaps he, like them, does not find his vocation in toiling and spinning, and assuredly Solomon in all his glory, etc.

Not that a dandy may not do work—great work—and do it well. History is full of stale citations to the contrary. Only the use of the dandy as a dandy lies elsewhere; his function is passive, not active. To begin with, he has dependent upon him the families of his authors, his toadies, and his parasites—the fashionable tailor and bootmaker; and though we know of no trade since the *σκευοφίται* of old Greece so prolific of oily and outrageous swindling, still it seems agreed, in spite of Dr. Johnson, that they must live. But his great use is as a model. Dandies suggest possibilities and foster aspirations of looking one's best. The final toilets do good in this slovenly world, just as a batch of poor Page's tremendously fleshy paintings would do good as models in a school of Pre-Raphaelites. No one pretends that they are nature, but copying their faults gives a change of errors and a chance of the golden mean. The Pre-Raphaelite, constrained to forsake for the nonce the noble lankness supposed to shelter all lofty souls, haply blunders into naturalness. So innumerable youths gaze and sicken with despair at the perfection of the dandy, and furtively furnish themselves in the sacred solitudes of their bachelor apartments, and acquire a scorn of ready-made clothing that is the germ of better things, and labor—"all labor is noble and holy"—at uncouth neckties, and out of a cocoon of toilet intricacies emerge, in their season, some few butterflies of dandyism, some millers, some dull moths by nature for ever. And thus, out of the many pilgrims who set out for the heights of Style, are peopled the *tierras templadas*, where dwell the quiet completeness of a true gentleman's attire.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PROJECTILES AND GRAVITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In your issue of February 29 your correspondent, the "Author of *Prometheus in Atlantis*," says:

"It is neither denied nor questioned by any follower of Newton that when a cannon is fired horizontally, at any distance above the earth's surface, the ball will strike the earth in precisely the same time as if it had been dropped from the mouth of a gun."

Now, as a believer in the Newtonian theory and denying

the proposition as above stated, I beg leave to state the proposition, in regard to the falling projectile, as I understand it. If a cannon is fired horizontally, *i. e.*, in a right line at right angles with the plumb-line, at any distance above the surface of a sphere—the earth, for instance—the projectile will strike a horizontal plane tangent to a point of the sphere directly below the mouth of the gun at precisely the same instant it would have struck the surface of the sphere if it had fallen straight toward the sphere's centre.

It is known that this horizontal plane, at one mile distant from the point of contact, is eight inches above the spherical surface of the earth, or eight inches further from the centre of the earth than at the point of contact; consequently, if a shot fired horizontally strikes the horizontal plane at a point one mile distant from the point of contact, it is at the same instant eight inches further from the surface and centre of the sphere than it would be if it had been merely dropped from the mouth of the gun.

Suppose, now, a body—or a shot, if you please—projected horizontally at a distance x above the surface of a sphere and at such velocity that it reaches the horizontal plane at a point x distant from the sphere, will it not continue indefinitely at the same distance, atmospheric resistance of course excepted? T. A. BURKE.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, March 9, 1868.

[In the letter to which this correspondent refers it will be remembered that the "Author of *Prometheus in Atlantis*" said:

"In publishing my letter of January 20 you put an interrogation point after the sentence in which I assert that, when a projectile is discharged horizontally near the earth's surface, it will go just as far toward the earth's centre in any given number of seconds as if gravity had acted alone.

I am prepared to establish the truth of the affirmation by experiments which are perfectly conclusive. Here is a simple and convenient test which any of your readers who take an interest in the matter can apply for themselves. Let a suitable board project horizontally from the top of a tall building which has a flat roof, and on the extreme end of the board place a ball in such a way that another ball in passing shall cause it to fall at the moment when the diameters of the two are in the same straight line. Roll the second ball—of the same material as the first, of course—along the board with any velocity you choose; and if your experiment is so conducted that the two balls shall quit the end of the board at the same instant, they will also strike the ground at the same instant. This shows that the impulsive force which has acted on one of the balls has not in the least counterbalanced or diminished the effect of gravity."

We may frankly say here that the statement of that experiment is such as to raise a doubt in our mind whether the test has ever been applied by our correspondent herself (?). The cause would have appeared in a better light if that matter had been made definite; also if the velocity of the rolling ball had been stated. Any answers which the writer has to give to our implied questions will be received as decisive in the case, of course. At present we assume that the experiment suggested was tried, and that the time of the striking of the one ball was so near that of the striking of the other that no interval could be discerned. Still, the claim—a mere hypothesis at the starting, we grant—will be laid that there was an interval. It devolves upon us to evolve the hypothesis into what cannot be distinguished from fact, by evidence drawn from the nature of the case.

Then, suppose a condition of things such that gravity is shut off from acting. A ball is placed at a given point in space, and to it are applied two equal degrees of force, one force operating at a right angle with the other. Each degree is such that, if acting alone, the ball would be carried sixteen feet in a second. The two degrees acting together (*half for and half against each other*), what distance will be passed through? Unmistakably, that which is found by tracing the perpendicular line of a right-angled triangle from the ball's point of departure, eight feet, to intersect with the basal line reaching eight feet to the position held by the ball at the end of the second. The track of the ball is the hypotenuse (not a straight, but curved) of the triangle. So that the distance sought is between eleven and twelve feet. Thus the effect of the perpendicular force is shown to be "counterbalanced or diminished" one half by the horizontal impulse, the absolute velocity resulting from the diminution being only about three-fourths of that caused by that one force operating freely.

We feel sure that no one will question the soundness either of the proposition there presented or of the conclusion from it. If the reasoning is good, it takes effect, certainly, against the claim which we are opposing; for gravity is nothing other than a series of perpendicular impulses, each one of which is partially cancelled by whatever horizontal impulse may be brought to bear. The lines *down* which it acts being but mere points of space apart, the force produced is tremendously accumulative, and the gain upon its antagonist is so great that its own temporary loss cannot be measured upon any scale capable of being put into practical service. Theoretically the point had in view may be illustrated as follows:

The influence of gravity is calculated to be so great that a body falling unobstructed from the surface to the centre of the earth would have an average velocity of thirty-five miles a second. A horizontal force corresponding with that gravitating impulse would give the body the same average velocity in the direction of the horizon. But, to obtain the average, the initial rate must be a good deal greater—for convenience, call this rate seventy miles a second. Then

the body, at starting, will depart from the curve pointed out by our correspondent in the proportion of seventy miles to sixteen feet, and, instead of reaching the ground in a "given number of seconds," will take leave of absence altogether, shooting off into an orbit of its own, to revolve for ever a little moon, meek follower of its elder sister.—ED. ROUND TABLE.]

A SUM IN SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: By leave, I will, under the above heading, develop more fully the idea hinted at in the letter published in your issue of February 29.

The several planets are kept (so the Newtonians say) in their orbits by the balancing of gravity and centrifugal force. Gravity is in inverse proportion to the square of the distance; while centrifugal force is according to the square of orbital velocity (this is claimed by some, but by some others the same force is claimed to be according to simple velocity—I allow the benefit of the larger ratio)—centrifugal force is as the square of orbital velocity, which last is inversely as the square root of distance; in shorter sentence, gravity is in inverse proportion to the square of distance, while centrifugal force is in inverse proportion to simple distance.

Well, Mercury, at his perihelion—distant thirty million miles from the sun—has just projectile force enough to balance his gravity and to sustain him in his regular course outward to his aphelion—distant forty-five million miles from the sun. In leaving this point and approaching his perihelion again, his projectile force is increased according to the space passed through, and his gravity is increased according to the square of the same; so that, when he has reached his perihelion, his gravity is one and a half times his projectile force. Now, as a gravitating force which just "balanced" the projectile was sufficient to carry him fifteen million miles inward from his aphelion, this will carry him twenty-two and a half million miles inward, thus removing his perihelion seven and a half million miles further inward than it was at first—that is, to within twenty-two and a half million miles from the sun. His projectile force is now two-thirds of his gravity; and as a projectile force equal to the force of gravity was adequate to carry him fifteen million miles outward from his perihelion, this will carry him only ten million miles, thus drawing his aphelion twelve and a half million miles further inward than it was at first—that is, to within thirty-two and a half million miles from the sun. In his descent from this new aphelion, his gravity will be increased to one and four-ninths times his projectile force, by means of which increase he will carry his perihelion to within ten and a half million miles from the sun. In his third revolution his gravity will be increased to twice his projectile force, which is sufficient to carry his perihelion not only as far toward the sun as the sun is toward himself, but ten million miles further, if possible.

So each of the other planets and asteroids will, in its turn, wander away down into regions, among scenes wild and wonderful, which no sun nor daughter of Sol has been allowed as yet to visit.

But this mere departing from their posts is not all the bobbery that will be kicked up by the wild children. They will bring about a complete reversal of the old order of things. They will literally "turn the world upside down." Mad Mercury, shouting "Democracy! Progress! Away with stupid Conservatism! Down with Father's Monarchy," will rush to the van of the onslaught. The jumping jade, Juno, in bloomer bedeckments, perched astride the handle of the Besom of Destruction, and screeching "Woman's Rights and Man's Muzzlement!" will dart on close at his heels. Pallas will follow next; Mars next; Vesta next; Ceres next; the Earth next; Venus next; Jupiter next; Saturn next; Uranus next; Neptune last. Mercury, in reaching the place of siege, makes three revolutions, as shown already; Juno makes three; Pallas, also, makes three; Mars makes eleven; Vesta makes ten; Ceres makes fifteen; the earth makes about one hundred and ten; Venus makes about two hundred and fifty; Jupiter makes thirty-six; Saturn makes twenty-seven; Uranus makes thirty-six; Neptune makes about two hundred and eighty.

V. E. T.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

THE SCIENCE OF KNOWLEDGE.*

THE publication of the present translation opens to the English reader the first of a series of scientific expositions professing to solve the profoundest problems of philosophy—a series emanating from the German thinkers who succeeded Kant. The *Wissenschaftslehre* of Fichte was the pioneer, and made an epoch in the history of philosophy—an epoch as important as that made by the appearance of Socrates in the streets of Athens. To appreciate this fully it is necessary to bear in mind the state of philosophy existing when Fichte came before the public.

To bring before us the grand distinction between the ancient and modern philosophy, it may be said,

* *The Science of Knowledge*. By J. G. Fichte. Translated from the German by A. E. Kroeger. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.

briefly, that the ancients sought a universal substance whose modifications should explain the world before them; the moderns seek first a criterion of truth—something that shall solve the problem of certitude. The Greek thinkers set up successively *water, air, fire, being, reason, atoms*, etc. as the principle of things. They never questioned the "validity" of our knowledge in the sense that the post-Kantians do. Ancient scepticism differs fundamentally from our own. While they showed the contradictory nature of things and their inadequacy when taken for true, abiding, permanent being, we, on the contrary, suppose things in themselves to be true being, but deny to ourselves the ability to know the same. In modern times philosophy sets out with the assertion of absolute certitude in the cognition of self, the immediate self-consciousness—*cogito ergo sum*; and from this as a basis it endeavors to get over to the objective. The modern idealists show a tendency to go back to Plato, while the materialists make their demand for a mechanical *nexus* between the mind and the object which it perceives—make their demand so stringent that the mind gets completely cut off from all objectivity. Berkeley from this draws the legitimate conclusion of "Universal Immaterialism," and Hume arrives at Universal Scepticism. For, if the mind can perceive the object only through a material emanation of particles from it, it is the particles themselves that are perceived and not the object. And, moreover, since I refer my impressions of objects solely through the law of causality, and this law has no objective validity, the subject is hopelessly shut up within itself, and can never arrive at the truth of things. It only remained for sober people "in their senses" to follow Reid, and assert immediate knowing, or common sense. They accordingly denied mediation between the mind and the object altogether, and set up an indefinite series of "primitive beliefs" as the basis of their philosophy. Such a system was little less than the negation of philosophy. For, if we take what offers itself as immediately true without reflection, we ignore all occasion for philosophy; if the first phase of existence be true, without any modification from what lies beyond it, then no explanation or reflection is needed. It is not surprising that a doctrine so subversive of human experience should not satisfy the mind. The most common experience teaches us that things exist in relation only, and that we are forced to seek beyond all first phases to find the abiding and true. Kant, therefore, is the thinker to whom the eighteenth century turned, as by common consent, when, near its close, all faith had been sapped and the institutions which had been built thereon were crumbling in revolution. Kant uttered the inmost conviction of that age and brought to its culmination the first period of modern philosophy—a period begun by Des Cartes. The chasm between subject and object was widened to its uttermost tension, and soon it closed up for ever.

Starting from Hume, Kant proposed to himself to make an investigation into the nature and extent of the subjective element in knowledge. If it is true that we can in no wise pass from the subject to the object, let us look in upon ourselves and see what we have left that incontestably belongs to us. Let us fearlessly cast up accounts and accept the result, whatever it may be. The result is known to the world: Kant finds a criterion by which to detect what belongs to the subject. That which we know as universal and necessary cannot have been derived from without, for of what we learn by experience we can say only, "It has been found to be so as far as observation extends." With this criterion he discovered a twofold source of *a priori* cognition—the form of sensuous intuition and that of the faculty of concepts (the understanding). That which renders possible sensuous intuition is the *a priori* form of time and space; that which makes it possible to form concepts is the system of categories. Time and space and the categories of quantity, quality, relation, and modality—these are the forms of the mind by which it cognizes. These forms, moreover, are the logical conditions of the existence of whatever comes under our observation. This rests on a good reason: Since we cannot perceive anything except by means of our mental constitution, all objects must seem to us to presuppose these forms as their ground. Hence we cannot form any notion of things in themselves; but this is not of any practical moment to us, for "things in themselves" can never manifest their existence to us except by assuming our subjective forms.

At this juncture Fichte comes before the world, and, taking Kant's labors as a basis, he completes the same by drawing the strict logical consequences that follow from it. "Things in themselves" are mere fictions of the subjective understanding. For,

since the categories of relation are subjective and do not apply to a *noumenon*, it follows that we must not posit a *noumenon* or "thing in itself" at all. To assert such a *noumenon* is to claim objective validity for the category of substance, and if one category is valid all may be. Thus, with this insight, the chasm between subject and object is closed. If the forms of the mind are not universal, that is, do not apply—to all objectivity—then there is no objectivity, for objectivity is itself based upon a form of the mind. But with the latter alternative the subject becomes universal, and so do its forms. With this we are safe beyond all possible scepticism touching the capacity of man to know truth. But Fichte is the first thinker that demands for philosophy the form of science, and defines science to be a system deduced from a single principle. The mathematical method of Spinoza assumes a great number of axioms, definitions, and postulates; but a true science will not proceed in that loose manner. The rhythm of the true method—thesis, antithesis, synthesis—is discovered and applied. *The Science of Knowledge* thus proceeds exhaustively to its conclusion, making a complete circle.

In this general survey of the relation which the work under consideration bears to the preceding systems and to the problems of philosophy, we have pointed out what one is to expect to get from it. To undertake to give an epitome of the system, or to give a specimen of its method, would be very much like exhibiting an acorn for an oak tree, or a specimen brick for the house itself. We give the contents of the work:

PART FIRST.—Introduction; Concerning the Conception of the Science of Knowledge generally.

PART SECOND.—Fundamental Principles of the Whole Science of Knowledge.

PART THIRD.—Theoretical part of the Science of Knowledge (in two parts).

PART FOURTH.—Practical part of the Science of Knowledge (also in two parts).

To this is appended a fragment on *The Religious Significance of the Science of Knowledge*.

Of Mr. Kroeger's capabilities as a translator we would speak with high praise. He is one of the very few persons who know that a translator's first and only duty is to reproduce the thoughts of an author in the author's form. We often hear a translation praised on the ground that it does not read like a translation, and most people prefer Pope's translation of the *Iliad* to any other "because it reads quite like an original English poem." Bentley, who knew something of Homer, said to Pope, "It's a very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but it is n't Homer;" and he was right. The French, who, as a rule, translate more faithfully than we do, modestly call their translations *traductions*. Not, indeed, without reason, for as the French language is incapable of expressing anything not purely French without immediately becoming barbarous, French renderings of foreign works must necessarily be *traductions*. Our language, fortunately, is more pliable and cosmopolitan than that of the French, and we, therefore, have no excuse for confining ourselves as they do. Mr. Kroeger's translation does not read like Sir W. Hamilton's *Lectures on Metaphysics*, but neither do Bacon's *Essays*. It does not read altogether like Mill's *Logic*, or Lewes's *History of Philosophy*; but then these differ somewhat from Carlyle's *Essays* and Mansel's *Metaphysics*. The truth is, it would be as impossible to render the *Wissenschaftslehre* of Fichte into the idiom of Sir William Hamilton or of J. S. Mill as it would be to turn *Paradise Lost* into the language of the *Biglow Papers*. Let any one try the latter experiment and he will be able to judge of the effect. All persons familiar with German will appreciate and admire the fidelity of Mr. Kroeger's translation, and they are the only persons who can speak upon the subject. It reproduces Fichte, and it is not barbarous. We could, indeed, point out here and there what must be regarded as unnecessary departures from the English idiom. The use of such words as *content* (Inhalt), *sensating*, *accidentalness*, *positedness*; and of such phrases as *I speak plainer*; *a pillar erected in a right angle*; *in the present place*, is by all means to be deprecated. It is not necessary to say *plainer* instead of *more plainly* because in German the adverb is identical in form with the predicate adjective. As well might we try to retain the German collocation of words, a thing which we venture to say no one could do in English. These, however, are minor defects, which can easily be removed in a future edition.

It is strange that, notwithstanding the fame of Fichte and the high encomiums pronounced upon him by Carlyle and others, his greatest work should have remained untranslated till now; nor is it less strange that the first translation of it should come from beyond

the Mississippi. It is a fact that Mr. Ruskin and men like him might do well to take a note of, that Fichte finds a translator and admirers in one of the money-grubbing centres of the West.

"Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,
Proclaiming social truth shall spread
And justice."

Such a voice is Fichte's. Carlyle in earlier days made mention of Fichte in these terms: "The cold, colossal, adamant spirit, standing erect and clear like a Cato Major among degenerate men; fit to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of Beauty and Virtue in the groves of Academe! . . . So robust an intellect, a soul so calm, so lofty, massive, and immovable has not mingled in philosophical discussion since the days of Luther. . . . The man rises before us, amid contradiction and debate, like a granite mountain amid clouds and wind. Ridicule of the best that could be commanded has been already tried against him; but it could not avail. What was the wit of a thousand wits to him? The cry of a thousand choughs assailing that old cliff of granite; seen from the summit, these, as they winged the midway air, showed scarce so gross as beetles, and their cry was seldom even audible."

If example is better than precept; if a noble life can give weight to a man's words; if a tree is known by its fruits, then Fichte deserves to be listened to with all attention. Every man's philosophy is an attempt to found upon first principles his own views, which have been previously arrived at by other methods than those of strict reason. A man's views of life depend upon his character; his manner of deducing these views will depend upon their nature. Let a sensualist philosophize, and he will inevitably be a materialist; let the man who lives but to be noble seek a basis for nobility that he may teach it to others, and he will take his stand upon that which is not of the earth, even at the risk of having to deny the material world altogether. Fichte's philosophy is an endeavor to find a basis in pure reason for views of life engendered by living nobly.

THE AMERICAN BEAVER.*

"AFTER all," asks Professor Agassiz in his *Natural History of the United States*, "what does it matter to science that thousands of species, more or less, should be described and entered in our systems, if we know nothing about them?" And Mr. Morgan, adopting this text as his starting point and arguing the incompleteness of zoological science so long as it is limited to that systematic cataloguing of animals on anatomical principles in which Cuvier laid the foundation of modern zoology, puts in his plea for what may be called the living part of the study,—the examination, that is, of the living and the thinking principle of each animal, "the manifestations of each of which are not less important and instructive than the mechanism of the material frames in which they reside." A series of monographs upon different animals, detailing their artificial works, habits, mode of life, and mutual relations, is his scheme for filling up what Cuvier and his followers have outlined; and, enforcing his precept by example, he gives us this first attempt at a complete and authentic account of the beaver, for which, however, with undue modesty, he disclaims the "dignity and completeness of a monograph." The circumstances from which the book grew and to which it owes its exceptional value are briefly these. Mr. Morgan has from its outset been a stockholder and director in a railroad through the iron region that borders the southern shore of Lake Superior in the northern peninsula of Michigan—one of the most extensive and remarkable beaver districts on the continent, and in which the railroad was the first manifestation of civilization, so that the beavers were found undisturbed, while the observer had every facility for deliberate observation. From 1855 until last year Mr. Morgan nearly every summer visited Marquette and the surrounding mines; this naturally led to brook-trout fishing; and as the scene of his sport abounded with the works of the beaver—his dams, lodges, burrows, canals, felled trees, beaver-meadows—the transition was easy to the animal himself, so that our author was surprised as it were into investigations renewed year after year and which gradually assumed such completeness and value that, to remove all deficiencies, he at last possessed himself of the aid, first, of a wandering photographer who appeared at Marquette, then of the Rev. Mr. Phelps, a

pastor in that town and an amateur in photography. And thus we have the very abundant plates which elucidate the text and whose testimony entirely dispels the conventional ideas of beaver structures. Beside these, Mr. Morgan has made a beaver collection, unique, we imagine, in point of size and completeness, of mounted specimens, skeletons, skulls, pelts, tree-cuttings, etc., etc., lithographic copies of the original photographs of which are lavishly reproduced for the reader; while, as illustrative of its size, we may mention that in the description of the animal's skull no fewer than 107 skulls were examined, 98 of which were from his own collection. There are, furthermore, abundant maps and plans on large scales, both of individual beaver ponds, canals, dams, etc., etc., and of the region (six by eight miles) in Michigan to which the descriptions chiefly apply,—so that, with all these aids and the remarkable clearness of our author's descriptions, the most unscientific reader will find but one chapter—that by Dr. Ely on the anatomy of the animal—which he will not read with delight. Beside the beaver grounds in Michigan, Mr. Morgan also visited, in 1861 and 1862, those in the Red River Settlement in the Hudson's Bay Territory and those on the Missouri River as far as the Rocky Mountains, so that the beavers of the entire continent may be said to be included in his observations.

As this is the first description at once authentic and scientific of the works of the beaver, it is hardly surprising that Mr. Morgan demolishes some of the most universally accepted articles of belief concerning the intelligence manifested in them. Not to speak of the preposterous fables which have descended to us from the ancients, or of the well-ordered communities of co-operating architects which Buffon and his followers have portrayed for our admiration; there are other legends which till now have been universally accepted by even the most cautious naturalists, writers who complain with some warmth of the credulity of their predecessors, yet which Mr. Morgan's careful and repeated observations have shown to be not always without foundation it is true, but still wholly erroneous. Thus we have all believed, on the testimony of conscientious writers on the beaver, that "each house consists of two stories, and serves for two or three families;"*—that these houses are "laid out in a cellar, a flooring, a hypocast, a ceiling, and a roof;"†—that the animals "are not only social by dwelling near each other, but by joining in a work which is intended for the benefit of the community,"‡ and build dams "two or three hundred yards in length;"§—that in dams in swift water the architectural contrivance of the arch, pointed up stream, is employed to resist the current;||—that the animal "becomes gregarious in winter;"¶—together with much more that seemed quite as wondrous, but which we have hitherto regarded as quite well established. Upon a great deal of this Mr. Morgan, who has observed with the closest scrutiny and expresses himself with great caution, puts a very different aspect. The beavers, it seems, do not live in communities, work in gangs, or inhabit apartments in jointly-owned houses. They go to their work singly, "at intervals of half an hour apart," "each beaver acting independently, and without any concert with his mates," though in case of an emergency, such as the breaking of a dam, "several of them have been seen working together." The belief in the joint labor is no doubt largely due to the great size of some of the dams; but "after a careful examination of some hundreds of these structures," Mr. Morgan is satisfied, and gives reasons which seem absolutely final, that "the larger dams were not the joint product of the labor of large numbers of beavers working together, . . . but . . . that they arose from small beginnings, and were built upon year after year, until they finally reached that size which exhausted the capabilities of the location, after which they were maintained for centuries, at the ascertained standard, by constant repairs;" that, furthermore, they have been "usually, if not invariably," commenced by the single pair or family which intended benefiting by them, other lodges being built in the pond as it increased in size, when its whole population—not a colony or community—would be interested in the maintenance of the dam. They are social, however, in that the pairs are faithful to each other, and that each family consists of the pa-

* Tenney's *Natural History*. New York: Scribner & Co. 1865.—p. 67.

† Goodrich's *Natural History of the Animal Kingdom*. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1861.—vol. 1, pp. 381–386.

‡ Wood's *Homes Without Hands*. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1866.—pp. 432–435,—where may be seen—following a complaint that engravings of beaver works "are generally untrustworthy," and that "one artist seems to have copied from another, so that the error of one man has been widely perpetuated"—a picture showing, nearly touching each other, four beaver lodges, smoothly plastered, perfect domes in form and of greater height than diameter, while in the foreground are six beavers working together; in the water about the lodges, five; in the background, four—fifteen in all—working too, apparently, by daylight!

§ Appleton's *New American Cyclopædia*, 1864, vol. 3, p. 31.

* *The American Beaver and his Works*. By Lewis H. Morgan, Author of *The League of the Iroquois*. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858.

rents and of the offspring for two years, the average number of all inhabiting each lodge, by the trappers' estimates, being eight. That houses are inhabited by more than one family, or ever consist of more than one apartment, or have the symmetry of form invariably attributed to them—is wholly erroneous. In the latter respect, as several of the photographic pictures attest, they resemble nothing so much as a very squat pile of brush, being made of sticks, not interlaced in basket-work as we are told, yet so well embedded and covered with mud and stones that an axe is required to break through them, and constructed, especially as to their sub-aqueous entrances and their floors, with no small forethought and skill. For the dams, perhaps the properties it has been reserved for Mr. Morgan to discover are more than enough to compensate for those he is called upon to demolish. They are of two kinds, solid-bank mud dams and dams made of sticks, mud, and stones in a manner not essentially different from that usually described, the heavier sticks being lengthwise with the stream, "so adjusted as to form an innumerable series of props or braces, with their lower ends against the ground, and their upper ends incorporated in the embankment [of mud, etc.] which forms the water face of the dam." The most marvellous feature, however, that has been universally presented for our admiration was the curvature of the dam against the stream. Of this Mr. Morgan disposes conclusively,—in the first place, the curve is frequently *with* the stream, and, moreover, it is due: not to the beaver, but to the action of the stream itself during the construction of the dam—in a manner which is set forth very convincingly, and which any of our readers, who will return to the popular boyish sport of damming gutters or brooks, may test for themselves. The size, also, is grossly exaggerated; the finest continuous structure which Mr. Morgan saw, one whose age he estimates by centuries, is 488 feet in length, and less than five feet in height at its largest point. The story that the trunks of trees are incorporated in dams is entirely unfounded, as one proof of which he mentions a case where a tree fell by its own decay in a suitable position, but the beavers, not thinking of employing it in this fashion, built their dam immediately *below* it and independent of it. But lest our author should be thought to detract from the beaver's reputation as an engineer, we must mention a proof of his merit which is new to us and, in our opinion, much more than counterbalances anything it may lose in the matter of the arch. This is the expedient of building minor dams—dams not calculated to make a pond, or in any direct way contribute to the security of the lodge—at a point just below the main structure, on whose security that of their dwellings depends. The only design which this can serve is one of which an engineer might be proud—namely, that of setting back the water to the depth of several inches, and so relieving the pressure in times of freshet upon the foundations of the great dam by just the amount thus counterpoised. This subordinate structure is of frequent occurrence, and one particularly remarkable instance is given (and illustrated in a map, p. 115) in which there is a series of seven dams, at intervals asunder varying from ten to sixty feet, only the upper one of which sustains a pond suitable for habitation. An even more surprising class of structures than the dams are the beaver canals—many hundred feet in length, and from their width and the obstacles they surmount, the hard soil and the roots of trees cut through, evidently the work of many seasons or of many generations of beavers—which serve a diversity of purposes, but chiefly to facilitate the transportation of wood, for food or building, too heavy for the animal to drag, and to afford him the means of escape to the sub-aqueous burrows in which he always seeks refuge when his house is attacked, but for which the soil of the banks is apt to be unsuitable.

The many other equally striking characteristics of the beaver which Mr. Morgan has ascertained from his own laborious observations and from the carefully weighed testimony of Indians and trappers, we must be content to commend to our readers' attention. They will find the book no less interesting than instructive, and while its chief value is undoubtedly for the naturalist, no one, however untutored, need have fears of its being beyond his depth. Our only complaint against Mr. Morgan is of the cold-blooded manner in which he pursues his subject. Of course we cannot quarrel with him that he has been inspired by love of knowledge rather than by love of the beaver, yet it would have been satisfactory if he had given occasional evidences of such sympathy with the creature as Mr. Frank Buckland evinces in his charming papers on such comparatively unprepossessing

objects as rats and snakes and the bugs in a horse-pond. There is nothing verging upon cruelty in Mr. Morgan's pages; on the contrary he expresses indignation at the barbarities of the trappers, and in one instance confesses to an impulse—which, however, he resisted—to spring a trap so placed as to ensure the mutilation or death of an unhappy victim. Yet after having our admiration excited for an individual animal, and a desire to make his personal acquaintance, it is unpleasant to learn that we have been looking at his skull in a certain plate, or that his skin, saving a leg lost in a trap and replaced in the stuffing by that of another animal, is that of the specimen portrayed in the frontispiece. Yet perhaps any greater enthusiasm for the beaver himself might have impaired that perfect dispassionateness and candor which constitutes one of the chief excellences of this very admirable treatise.

LIBRARY TABLE.

EPISCOPAL COMMON PRAISE, consisting of the Chants, etc., of the Book of Common Prayer, set to appropriate music. Selected by the Rev. George E. Thrall, Rector of the Church of the Messiah, Brooklyn.—Year by year the number of really good compilations for the use of the Church increases, and yet we are as far as ever from the great desideratum—a book so undeniably excellent, so universally acceptable, as to drive all others out of use, and so bring about by consent that desirable uniformity which cannot be enforced by authority. It is truly saddening to consider to what a degree devotional feeling is weakened and dissipated by the wretched practice of singing the same tune to a dozen or twenty different sets of words, and conversely the same words to a dozen or twenty different tunes; and those of us are fortunate who have escaped the painful experience of hearing—perhaps by a death-bed—a well-known and solemn hymn tune arise, quaver, hesitate, and sink into silence and shame, because each singer discovered that the words his neighbor was using were different from his own. The reverend compiler of the work before us has not in his preface vouchsafed to us any information as to the principles which have guided his selections, or the points on which he considers that his labors supplement those of his predecessors; but after seeking to discover his intentions by some study of his book—which indeed was a labor of love—we are happy to find ourselves at one with him on several important matters. It is evident that he intends that the same tune shall always be sung to the same words, and in this he is so demonstrably right that the wonder is only how a different practice could ever have obtained. The deciding what words to recommend to each tune for permanent use hereafter is now, however, a very nice matter; and here we are not so satisfied as to our author's wisdom and tact. We should have thought it best to couple each tune with the words, where such could be ascertained, most commonly used by all denominations in connection therewith, as *Adeste Fideles* (Portuguese Hymn) to "Hither ye faithful," etc., and we regret to find that Mr. Thrall has in many cases done quite otherwise, giving to well-known tunes words never before, at least to our knowledge, employed with them, while in a surprisingly large number of instances he has gone the extreme length by adding a note to each line of the tune to accommodate the words he has arbitrarily selected. He deserves all our gratitude, however, for the common sense which has broken through the timid custom of most previous compilers of giving each tune and each hymn once only; Mr. Thrall repeats both tunes and hymns when an old arrangement is worth preserving and a new one worth entertaining, as is notably the case in *Truro* and the *Russian Hymn*. But we are impatient to come to the great merit of the collection, a most exquisite feeling for the beautiful in music; nearly all the standard tunes are here, many of those newer ones which, like the *Bristol* of Dr. Hodges, are marked by the same union of simplicity, nobleness, and reverence which was the ideal of the men of old; and the whole book, chants, sentences, and choice of harmonies, shows a love of what is lovely, enlists our sympathy, and makes us pardon a taste which is only too catholic; for unhappily, beside those two or three rapid productions which every compiler seems doomed to admit out of compliment to his private friends, there are things not fitted to be sung in a church. The prayer in *Zampa* belongs to *Zampa*, and is very effective and makes a fine contrast in its proper place; but will calling it *Herold* make it proper in a church? It is of course convenient to have an opportunity of being complimentary to bishops and other dignitaries, but *Cujus Animam* was written for one voice, not four, and when it is stretched here and clipped there and altered and spoiled, the matter is not mended by calling it *Eastburn*. We are aware that Thalberg's pretty song, "Amid this greenwood smiling," is admitted also into other collections under the name of *Howe*, but even as it is, altered and spoiled, it is unfit for church music; and what is the justification for admitting under the style of *Heavenly City* and *Popular Melody* the stupid old ballad, "Oh no, we never mention her," and above all (sadly mutilated) the *Deh! con te from Norma*?

It is probable that all this is a concession to the weakness of the congregation, from whom a good deal is demanded

in other respects; for while the choir occupy the position of Decani the congregation are expected to respond as Cantoris, both in chants and hymns, and if they really do it the effect must be very fine. Apparently, too, they are required to sing in harmony, though what purpose could be answered by their so doing we are at a loss to understand; for we presume that it transcends the power of any clergyman to make sopranos, altos, tenors, and basses sit in the church in four distinct groups. In conclusion, we heartily recommend this compilation for family use, and imagine that quartette choirs will find much they will be glad to avail themselves of in those pieces wisely marked "for the choir," in contradistinction to those which, with equal good sense, are directed to be sung "by the congregation."

A Grammar of the English Language. By Samuel S. Greene, A.M. Philadelphia: Cowperthwaite & Co. 1867.—Milo began to lift the ox when the ox was yet a calf; Dr. Winship arrived by tentative steps at his feat of strength; but who would have credited the story of either performance, *à priori*, and without knowing the laborious preparatory process? The science of English grammar has assumed, through the crude theories of successive generations of grammar-makers, a bulkiness quite bovine, and when a fresh champion steps nimbly into the ring and offers to shoulder the whole mass of grammatical rubbish, and with a few flourishes, entirely original, treats the cumbrous agglomeration as an airy trifle, we respectfully ask leave to enquire what training he brings to the task. *The Round Table* has reviewed some twenty different grammars within a few months, and has concluded that the science of grammar, like the Roman empire, can never be improved by further accretions, but must go to pieces in order to be mended. More precisely, English seems to us to afford small material for grammatical science. Latin furnishes in its full accident the proper field for the development of that science, and as for its being a dead language, it might be still deader than it is, devoid even of a parental relation to the English, and, for the purpose of inculcating the theory of grammar by mere unmeaning symbols, be thereby only the fitter instrument. But English grammar has not the primal requisite for scientific structure—namely, variety. The little elementary grammars for beginners are all that are needed for the thorough acquirement of English grammar. The nature and office of every part of speech are more easily learned, and the disciplinary end of education more surely attained, through the arbitrary symbols of the Latin. Mr. Greene's grammar is mechanically a very fine school-book, and is elaborate in unfolding "the sentence" by the medium of its idiomatic form. But we believe teachers are tired of such a complicated analysis of what is not in its form compound—namely, the English sentence—and the poor accident of the English verb certainly cannot endure many more systems of nomenclature. Mr. Marsh told us long ago that the infinitive and subjunctive modes were moribund in English; why will not grammarians drop these useless forms, and, if they must make books, make such as will simplify rather than complicate the theory of English grammar? or, better still, drop the theory altogether and compile a good manual for the practice of English composition?

Histoire d'une Bouche de Pain: L'Homme. Par Jean Macé. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.—This is another very valuable book in the series of French reading which Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt are issuing in cheap form for the benefit of students of that language. The countless modern French plays, so much prized for their idiomatic language, the charming stories for children, and the half-sentimental, half-philosophizing meditations of writers like Souvestre, all have very properly been represented in this series. It would seem as if the most varied tastes might find in it that sort of simple French reading most congenial, and yet this *History of a Mouthful of Bread* supplies a still different sort—that is, a familiar treatment, in conversational language adapted to a child's comprehension, of physiology and such scientific terms as naturally are suggested in discussing in the plainest French the chemistry of the blood, and the constitution of the digestive organs of the human body. M. Jean Macé, for whom M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire has predicted a career as a naturalist, has accepted as his mission the office of a teacher, and this little book is in the form of a series of letters to a little girl, tracing with the charming French graphicness of detail the transformation of the food into blood and tissue. The easy style gives full play for the employment of familiar idioms which the student can rarely find outside of questionable plays, and the tone, always sprightly and engaging, is singularly reverent and loving—the tone of a true teacher. The volume contains a glossary and a table of idiomatic expressions.

Condensed French Instruction. By C. F. Delille. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.—Such little compendiums as this have a significance quite apart from their merit as text-books. They show a growing recognition of the need of beginning the study of modern languages early in the course, before the child has been dazed with grammar. The grammar of this little nut-shell of the entire tree of French knowledge comprises only fifty pages, but it is all in one place, where it can be systematically learned, and not strung through the exercises. The exercises, which are designed for children, contain full references to the grammar.

Public Spirit, enlarged and improved, opens its third volume with a degree of vigor that augurs well for its success. It seems to be edited with judgement and skill, and

the table of contents is as inviting as its appearance. The principle on which it is based, of uniting brevity with sprightliness, is a good one, and, if adhered to, ought to ensure its success. The habit into which most of our leading magazines have fallen, of mistaking dulness for respectability, is a good habit to avoid, and we are inclined to welcome *Public Spirit* if only as a protest against it. But it has claims of its own to attention. It is handsomely printed with clear type, on good paper, and the articles are, for the most part, well written and varied. In the present number we have the commencement of a pretty Persian tale about Shahs and Khans and Mirzas, followed by a still prettier Persian lyric, *On the Divan*, by Mr. R. H. Stoddard. Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard also contributes the first part of a clever sketch, entitled *My Uncle*, and Mr. Charles H. Webb tells us why he thinks poorly of the precept *About Trying Again*. In the way of history we have Mr. Colburn's *Recollections of Shiloh*, and a brief but interesting account of the battle of Lützen. The article we like least in the present number is the relation of *An Evening in Plymouth Church*, which spells MR. BEECHER in small-caps and our Saviour in Roman. In the editorial department, *Current Literature* is ably reviewed by Mr. R. H. Stoddard. Mr. Philip Ripley discourses judiciously about the *Stage*, and Mr. James Wilson McDonald favors us with his views of *Art*. Altogether, the number is quite as entertaining and instructive as many of its older and more pretentious rivals, and Col. Benedict deserves credit for his energy and tact in making so promising a metropolitan *début*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.—The Chimney Corner. By Christopher Crowfield (Mrs. Stowe). Pp. 311. 1868.
LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York.—Mozart: A Biographical Sketch. From the German of Heribert Rau. By E. R. Sill. Pp. 323. 1868.
JAMES MILLER, New York.—A Popular Treatise on Bronchitis. By Robert Hunter, M.D. Revised from the sixth London edition. Pp. viii., 179. 1868.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Letters from the Frontier. By Maj.-Gen. George A. McCall. Pp. x., 539. 1868.
Leila, or the Siege of Granada; Calderon the Courtier; and The Pilgrims of the Rhine. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Complete in 1 vol. Globe edition. Pp. 351. 1868.
PAMPHLETS.
HURD & HOUGHTON, New York.—American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Part IX., Gen.—Hut. Pp. 897-1008.
D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.—The Rebellion Record. Part LXXI.
R. DE WITT, New York.—De Witt's Acting Plays: A Fearful Tragedy in the Seven Dials. By Charles Selby.—Woodcock's Little Game. By J. Madison Morton.
We have received the Fifteenth Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Public Schools of the City of Boston. 1867. Pp. 83. 1868.
The Proceedings of the Annual Convention of the American Institute of Architects.
The National Finances and the Public Faith. Reprinted from The New York Daily Times. Parts I.-VI.
The Negro. By Ariel.
We have also received current numbers of Putnam's Monthly Magazine, Nathaniel, or the Israelite Indeed—New York; The New Eclectic—New York and Baltimore; The American Horticulturist—Boston; The Ladies' Christian Monitor—Indianapolis; The Catholic World—New York; The People's Magazine, The Art Journal—London and New York.

MUSIC.

KIRBY & Co., New York.—Sleep, Sister, Sleep. Composed by Giovanni Sconcia. Written by W. L. Gardner. Pp. 6.

TABLE-TALK.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the decline of the drama among us there has been a remarkable revival in the taste of the public for readings; minds of the higher class, men and women of cultivated understanding and delicate taste, have become disgusted by the worthless and mischievous productions presented at our national theatres, and naturally seek for entertainment of a more exalted and irreproachable character; and readers have, therefore, of late enjoyed a degree of consideration more commensurate with their merits than at any former period. It is true that the number of really accomplished readers is small, that only in rare instances do they achieve substantial celebrity; but to those who merit appreciation it is ungrudgingly accorded, and although during the past winter they have followed one another with irritating rapidity, they have, in all instances where it was deserved, met with flattering success. The immense advance made of late in Shakespearean criticism has awakened a strong desire in the minds of many persons to hear the works of the great dramatist intelligently rendered; and, although it requires a prodigious amount of genius and skill to alternate between the numerous characters introduced in a play—which is, as Schlegel says, "an extraordinary combination of dissimilar ingredients"—it is scarcely necessary to say that Mrs. Kemble is on all occasions equal to the task. Sustained energy, variety, impressive and eloquent delivery, actual histrionic experience, and the great advantages of constant study and practice in reading, are the rich qualifications of this last and only representative of a line whose genius and ability have never been excelled. Mrs. Kemble never loses sight of that exquisite refinement of manner which sits so easily on a well-bred woman; and, whether expressing violent emotion or biting satire, she is free from that exaggeration which, in some of our less cultivated artists, degenerates into burlesque.

Very different in specific peculiarities, but highly polished, artistic, and cultivated, is the style of Mr. George Vandenhoff; less earnest and eloquent than his father, he is nevertheless refined in manner, scholastic in attainments, overflowing with mirth and good spirits, the embodiment of accomplished elocutionary art. The sturdy, honest nature of Mr. Murdoch appeals to the taste of numbers of his countrymen, who delight in loud declamation and well-studied

oratory; and although he is to a certain extent wanting in elegance, he is never vulgar.

Mr. Dickens should not be classed, as he too frequently is, with those professional readers who, however great their ability, are only interpreters of the thoughts and creations of others; he comes to show us the children of his brain as he conceived them—the creatures of his own imagining, whom none so well as he can comprehend—and until he enters the lists as a reader of Shakespeare and Milton the injustice of criticising him by such standards is only equalled by the bad taste with which other readers invite comparison by choosing for their programmes those portions of this distinguished writer's works which he has selected himself to deliver.

WE have been to see the Newark Steam-man, and find a decided predominance of steam over man. We should be loath, in justice to our foreign friends, to accept him as a sample of Newark style. Physically, he is grand, gloomy, and peculiar to the last degree. The iron cast of his cast-iron features imparts a look of singular determination to a face which might otherwise leave an impression of slight deficiency in mobility. It bears, moreover, the marks of a hard morning's work in the shape of four streaks, of a strange grimy hue, down its broad brow, which realize our conception of Pittsburgh perspiration. His steam wash-basin and steam towel are probably at Newark for repairs. The chest is wonderfully full and deep, as a steam-chest ought to be, and covered with a stylish robe of superior ferruginous cassimere, which our patriotism forbids us to call an English shooting-jacket, and which we suppose must be an American steaming-jacket. The rear collar button of the shirt-band, we noticed, was very high in the neck, and by a very ingenious combination acts as a steam-gauge. But by far his most remarkable article of apparel is his hat. It is a stove-pipe hat, as no one of any style need be told. On the street it is worn quite plain, with only the usual ventilator, like other good hats. But our friend has a queer habit of smoking through this hat, as other gentlemen of accomplishments one degree lower do through their noses, in which he takes great pleasure, and which, to be candid, is known to his selecter friends to have become an inveterate and chronic affection, like opium-eating or impecuniosity. Some old-maidish insurance company or other, which has an interest in the premises 538 Broadway, or, for all we know, lets his lodgings—why should not a steam lodge have an incorporated landlady?—objected to this smoking in the house. So our friend, after oscillating his engines over the question awhile, decided to conform, and has had a very curious attachment fitted to his hat which makes certainly the greatest stove-pipe in the world, and shows singular method in the madness of his steam hatter. As now constructed, the stove-pipe-hat, or hat-stove-pipe, runs about thirty feet along the ceiling, comes down, and connects with a hoary stove at the other side of the room, disappearing finally through a hole in the wall. It will be observed that we have not mentioned a certain integument peculiar to gentlemen, those blessed with superior spouses excepted. We might plead that the article in question is by nature unmentionable; but candor compels the whole truth. To own up, then, the gentleman from Newark gave us audience in a peculiarly graceful dishabille that dispensed with this one garment. His attendant slave—termed in Newark, by some strange freak, his inventor—assures us, however, that this fatigue uniform is the garb only of his intimate privacy, and that he would on no account appear abroad without his sheet-iron nether garment. The fact is, the one weakness of the gentleman is the strength of his lower limbs. As with his *confère*, Mr. Weston, they are his *forte*, and his charming *déguisé* costume is an eccentricity of his conscious pride in their proportions. We do not scruple, under the circumstances, to confess that we availed ourselves of this opportunity for research in steam anatomy. Brawny we cannot conscientiously style the limbs in question; but the steam shoe-tick struck us as natty in the extreme, the steam ankle is well turned, and the development of the osseous system, and above all of the involuntary muscles, was extraordinary, as will doubtless be appropriately detailed in *Hall's Journal of Health*, *The Scientific American*—a good name, by the way, for this Newark gentleman—or some other journal of similar proclivities. Seriously speaking, the machine is ingenious and its exhibition unsatisfactory. It stands perfectly still, marking time all day, pinned to its position, because when it moves it smokes, and the insurers of the building naturally prefer clean ceilings to science and fire-alarms and unutterable grime. The main fact about it is that it walks, and we hear and hope that it will soon be exhibited where it can walk and show its other excellence, namely, its power of not frightening a horse. Till then we sympathize with a disgusted mechanic who stood beside us: "D— if I'd give five cents to see the thing stand here. I want to know if it can go."

THE story of Helen of Troy has somewhat of a paradoxical destiny—it cannot grow old—and time, which "antiquates antiquity itself," as an old writer says, has not impaired the interest which attaches to Menelaus' Queen, whose history is the heritage of all posterity, and whose name the immortal verse of Homer has perpetuated. Under the influence of Offenbach's music, this marvellous daughter of the gods comes to dispute the hitherto undivided conquest of the New World with our *Grande Duchesse*—Agamemnon, Paris, Calchas, Ajax, and a host of

heroes swell the pomp of her retinue; and the appearance of *La Belle Hélène* is now looked for with a degree of anxiety fully justified by the fame which has preceded her. Meanwhile, *La Grande Duchesse* has continued to attract increased numbers of admirers as the end of her reign approaches.

AT the last representation of the French Dramatic Company the house was crowded, and the announcement that these excellent artists would appear once more for the benefit of Monsieur La Roche was received with enthusiasm. No one ever merited more highly the support of an intelligent public than this gifted and accomplished actor.

MESSRS. MOORHEAD, SIMPSON & BOND, already the publishers of three excellent medical periodicals, purpose adding, on the first of May next, a fourth to their list, in the form of a quarterly entitled *The American Journal of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children*. It will be edited by Drs. Emil Noeggerath and B. F. Dawson, and will contain original articles, reports of societies, hospitals, lectures, and a complete review of foreign and domestic literature of the above subjects.

MESSRS. G. W. CARLETON & Co., who have a number of books in preparation for the spring trade, desire us to state that they are the New York publishers of Mr. Bret Harte's *Lost Galilee*—a circumstance which should have been noted in our review of the poems last week, but of which we were not then aware.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. announce, in addition to the list we enumerated last week, *Travels in the Interior of Africa*, by James Chapman, F.R.G.S.; and Professor Pearson's *History of England*.

MR. WALT WHITMAN has nearly completed a final edition of his poems, which, as any of our readers who have had occasion to look for them are aware, are not easily to be found. In this edition, it seems, are to be found many new pieces, and especially a new part, in which "he has practically carried out a long-nourished design of depicting the religious element in the character and personality which is considered by him necessary to the completeness of his work."

MR. MURRAY HOFFMAN has prepared *A Treatise upon the Ecclesiastical Law in the State of New York*; comprising the statutory provisions in full, the mode of organization and incorporation applicable to different denominations, the relations of ministers and congregations, the tenure and sale of property, the law of pews, vaults, and cemeteries, the interposition of civil tribunals, and other topics. While the work treats the subject exhaustively only with reference to New York, a large portion of it is applicable to churches in other states. The book will be published by Messrs. Pott & Amery in a few weeks.

MESSRS. WYNKOOP & SHERWOOD announce as in preparation for early publication *Grandpapa's Arithmetic*, in which M. Jean Macé, who needs no further introduction to American readers, under the guise of a fairy tale "unfolds the mysteries of the fundamental principles of arithmetic in so clear and simple a manner that every child who can read must understand them at once, and thus, almost without an effort, master difficulties which months of tedious drudgery might not overcome;" *Bride of the Wind*, an illustrated fairy tale, by Marie Hagenstein; the *Merchant of Venice*, in a handsome volume, containing illustrations of all the principal scenes, introductory articles on costume, etc., an analysis of the play by Gervinus, and explanatory notes selected from the best editors by Henry L. Hinton, and whose *Historical Costumes* affords sufficient guarantee that his work will merit attention. Among other works we find also that delightful little volume, *Liliput Levee*, to whose authors, by the way, *The Spectator* attributes a new collection of *Poems for a Child*, one specimen of whose delightful nonsense certainly reads as if it were the work of the "Liliput Laureate."

A DIFFERENT standard of editorial honesty must prevail in England from that established among respectable publications in this country. It seemed decidedly strange that Mr. Eugene Schuyler, when *The Saturday Review* had attributed to him something very like plagiarism, in the matter of his translation of *Fathers and Sons* from the Russian, could not procure from that journal any recognition of the very satisfactory exoneration which he had therefore to make through other mediums. But a much graver offence, as it seems to us, is the recent one of *The Athenaeum*, after having charged Dr. March, plumply, with having plagiarized from Mr. Hepworth Dixon's *Holy Land*. The Scottish divine, against whom the same charge was simultaneously made, defended himself in a note to *The Athenaeum*. Dr. March wrote to *The Round Table*, as our readers will recall, that, of the two hundred and twenty-four pages of his book, eighty-two pages were published ten years before Mr. Dixon's book, one hundred and forty-eight pages at different periods before, and that of the seventy-six remaining pages only fourteen could have been at all influenced by Mr. Dixon's work, while he defied that gentleman to ascertain which pages these were. Naturally we expected to see the accusation withdrawn in suitable terms—a procedure which one would think could not be delayed by a man of honor, who found he had cast an undeserved stigma upon another. No editor can claim infallibility, so of course the original accusation was not necessarily to be condemned as a wilful crime. But as plagiarism is one of the gravest of literary sins, and one which, in the interests of literature, is to be reprehended with the most unsparing severity, so, if it has

been unjustly charged, there can be no case in which a frank retraction is more obligatory. Accordingly, we have examined two numbers of *The Athenæum* in which a correction might have appeared, but without finding it. Dr. March might, perhaps, afford to rest content with leaving his accuser in the continued commission of a crime meaner than that falsely attributed to himself; but—we judge solely from the evidence of the note from him which we published—we should not fancy him to be a moderate or forbearing sort of person, and there is now one very strong point of which he may avail himself. Mr. Dixon—or *The Athenæum*, which is very much the same thing—has proved, it says, such identity between the two books as is inconsistent with the honesty of both—that degree of identity, in fact, which would come if “nearly the whole [of Dr. March’s] book [were] lifted out of Mr. Dixon’s pages.” Now Dr. March says that much of his book antedates Mr. Dixon’s by ten years, and that enough to constitute “nearly the whole” of it is older than Mr. Dixon’s. *The Athenæum*, therefore, being the authority, that plagiarism has been practised, Mr. Dixon is placed in the position of being the one who should account for it.

A LETTER from St. Petersburg to *The Athenæum* gives an interesting account of the condition of literature in Russia. Real literature would seem to be in its infancy, though a vigorous one. In the olden time books from abroad were religiously prohibited from crossing the frontier, and they only procured entrance after the Napoleonic wars, along with the French language, amusements, and fashions. But now Russian tourists are to be found all over the Continent, and in St. Petersburg and Moscow may be read the newspapers of Europe and Russian versions of Shakespeare and the British classics, and Messrs. Anthony Trollope and Edmund Yates, Sir Samuel Baker and Miss Braddon, are scarcely less known in Russia than in America. The Russian novel has undergone a corresponding change, transferring its scene from the Ukraine or the Caucasus to Florence, Baden-Baden, Berlin, and Paris; and the influence of foreign literature is clearly shown, as in the poems of Pushkin and Pisareff and the novels of Grigorovitch, so much, indeed, that the writer likens Milutine to Kinglake, and Turgeneff—Turgeneff, as we have known him through Mr. Schuyler’s translation—to Thackeray. Turgeneff is described as the representative of the existing school of Russian literature, of “all its wealth of detail, its keenness of observation, and sturdy consciousness of its own increasing powers, and, we may add, [of] more than all its merciless vigour of sarcasm.” Beside the stimulus which has been given to literature during the present reign, there has been a general enfranchisement of thought and of the press, a general awakening in every kind of literary activity. Foreign languages are thoroughly cultivated, and classic works translated, revised, lectured upon, and memorized, and this without neglect of the national masterpieces—the works of Pushkin, Lermontoff, Kriloff, Joukovski, Gogol, Griboïedoff—names scarcely known on this side the Atlantic. As affording some precise illustration, we may quote the list of just published works which concludes the letter: *The War with Turkey*, and *Rapture with the Western Powers*, in 1853–4, by Yegor Kovalevski; *Seven Months’ Captivity in Bokhara*, by A. Tatárin; *Smoke: a Romance*, by Iván Turgeneff (the work whose mention by us some months ago, on the occasion of its commencement as a serial in the *Messenger Russe*, occasioned a worthy contemporary to make a most ludicrous blunder which we shall not be merciless enough to restate); a new edition of the *Works of Ostróvski* and of those of Pisareff.

DR. MARTIN HAUG—whom we last had occasion to mention several months since as preparing a series of Pehlvi works to be issued under the auspices of the Bombay government—has been recently appointed Professor of Sanskrit and Zend in the University of Munich. “The great success,” say *Trübner’s Literary Record*, “which this distinguished scholar obtained in India, where he filled the post

of Superintendent of Sanskrit studies in the Poona College, is so well known among Orientalists that we need not dwell here on the sympathies which he carried with him when leaving India, both on the part of the Indian government and the Parsee community at Bombay, or on his great achievements in Zend and Sanskrit philology, which have already procured for him a prominent place among Orientalists. We can only congratulate the University of Munich on having secured for its Sanskrit chair the services of so eminent a man, who cannot fail to become one of the chief promoters of Zend and Sanskrit studies in Germany.”

MR. EYRE EVANS CROWE, whose death is announced by the last English mail, was one of the most accomplished journalists of the day. His writings appeared largely in *Blackwood*, *Lardner’s Cyclopædia*, and various leading organs of the Liberal party in England. In 1823 appeared in *Blackwood* letters from Italy. In 1825 appeared his first novel, *To-day in Ireland*, which was followed by *Yesterday in Ireland*, *Vittoria Colonna*, *English in Italy*, *Connemara*, *Charles Delmer*, and others. His *History of France* has been republished in this country, and subsequently rewritten and greatly enlarged for its English publishers. He also wrote the *History of the Reigns of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.*, a small volume of *Lives of Eminent Foreign Statesmen*, and a volume entitled *The Greek and the Turk*. He lived for many years in Paris, where he acted as correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*. Subsequently he became editor of *The Daily News*, a position which he continued to hold for some five years.

MR. TENNYSON’S “spiteful letter,” according to the London correspondent of *The Commonwealth*, was an anonymous letter, and not one but a series of letters. Every two or three months, for the last year or two, the Laureate has received a long epistle of complaint and abuse, written by he knows not whom, but always by the same person. “It is,” he continues, “to this mysterious and contemptible correspondent that he has taken the trouble to reply in public verse. The reply is only an evidence of the extreme sensitiveness which all his friends know to be a trait of his character. He said once, ‘I am like a traveller in a lonely desert, when suddenly there appears on the horizon a figure which shoots an arrow that reaches me and enters the flesh, and stings and rankles there, and though the wound is small, it is a smart I cannot forget.’”

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, it seems, wrote a child’s book which has been forgotten and just revived and reprinted from the original edition of John Newberry, St. Paul’s Churchyard, 1779. The story, which is said to be as supreme in its own way as are *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Vicar of Wakefield* in theirs, is described by *The Times* as being “the biography of Tommy Trip and his dog Jowler, and the great giant Woglog, to which is appended a history of birds and beasts, with descriptions of each in prose and verse.”

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND’S poems have just been published in their fifty-second edition, prepared by Professor Holland, who has carefully examined the MSS. left by the poet, and has added a number of pieces previously unprinted and a chronological table of them all. Another volume of Uhlund’s scientific writings is soon to appear, containing the *Sagenforschungen*, containing the *Mythus von Thor* and the *Mythus von Odin*, the latter now printed for the first time.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

For convenience of reference, correspondents of this department are desired to arrange questions in distinct slips from answers, and to attach to each of the latter the number prefixed to the query whereto it refers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

(33).—In your Table-Talk of the 8th of February you make mention of the controversy about *Rock Me to Sleep* between Mrs. Akers and Mr. Ball. The subject is there introduced for the purpose of adding that

“An Old Compositor,” writing from Annapolis to *The Tribune*, claims that the poem was contributed to *The Southern Field and Fireside* by one Edward Young, a blacksmith or carriage-maker of eccentric and wayward character, of Lexington, Ga.

In a recent letter to me Mr. Edward Young advises me that there are two errors in the statement of “An Old Compositor.” One error is that Mr. Young wrote the poem in question; the other is, that Mr. Young is a blacksmith. The facts respectively being that Mr. Young did not write the poem, and is a watchmaker and jeweller.

“An Old Compositor” is simply at fault in remembering the event that he narrates. Yours, JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON.

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 2, 1868.

(34).—We have here in Blandford an interesting relic of colonial times in the shape of a ruined church, ivy-crowned. It was visited by Tyrone Powers, who, it is alleged by tradition, wrote with a pencil on the inside wall the verses which are appended. This much seems certain—that the lines were found inscribed on the plaster a day or so after his visit. Doubting their originality, I am in hopes that some of your readers may fix their true source, and thus settle a question which has vexed the “learned Thebans” of the Cockade City for many a day. K.

PETERSBURG, Va.

The verses are as follows:

“Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
Thou art hastening to thy fall;
And round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall.
The worshippers are scattered now
Who met before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

“And sadly sighs the wandering wind
Where oft in years gone by
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The highest of the high.
The tramp of many a busy foot
That sought thy aisles is o’er,
And many a weary heart around
Is still for evermore.

“How doth Ambition’s hope take wing!
How droops the spirit now!
We hear the distant city’s din,
The dead are mute below.
The sun which shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lowly graves:
The zephyrs which once fanned their brow
The grass above them waves.

“Oh! could we call the many back
Who’ve gathered here in vain;
Who’ve careless roved where we do now,
Who’ll never meet again—
How would our very souls be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days.”

(35).—Where can I get a good English translation of the *Ta’mud*?

(36).—In your lists of books received sometimes occurs an entry such as: Pp. xxiv., 580. What mean the Roman numerals?

(37).—Some author, comparing a “good deed” to a distant light in the darkness, concludes the sentence:

“So shines a good deed in a naughty world.”

Who is it, and where can it be found?

(38).—Cannot the publishers of *Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary* be induced to issue a more convenient edition—say in four vols. 8vo? The inconvenience of the present unwieldy edition must be felt by a sufficient number of persons to make such a venture one of profit to the Messrs. Merriam. O.

(32).—“Jeddart (Jedburgh) Justice.” The Jedburgh axe was a favorite weapon of the Scottish Borderers, but had no connection with the phrase enquired after, which, according to Scott (*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*), signified *trial after execution*, in allusion to some flagrant irregularity in the administration of justice by the citizens. So your theory, though ingenious, is wrong.

Appropos of Scott and the Border ruffians, the following little morsel of satire may be new to your readers. It alludes to Sir Walter’s eagerness to establish his claim to be regarded as a descendant of those larcenous rogues of the Border, over whose thieving exploits he had thrown the glamour of romance. The poem in which the lines appeared is long since forgotten:

“A modern author spends a hundred leaves
To prove his forefathers notorious thieves.”

K.

PETERSBURG, Va.

(36).—The Roman numerals signify the number of pages occupied by prefaces or introductions, which are not included in the paging of the body of the book.

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